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EVENING AT HOME.

Then Katie, or May, as night grows in the room,
With the sweetness of some dear old tune fills
the gloom;
As she plays, through my brain steals its feeling,
till there
I could dream night away in my own easy-chair!
 Oh my own easy-chair,
 My own easy chair,
What dreams come to me in my own easy-chair!
Then rhymes come unbidden; as feeling grows
strong,
Through head, lip and pen, fancy hurries along,
And songs leap to birth, to some still voiceless
air;
And a poet I seem in my own easy-chair;
 Oh my own easy-chair,
 My own easy chair,
The muse loves me well in my own easy-chair!
Oh, Emma, my good, true, my own darling wife,
Through the worst cares of day how it gladdens
my life
To think that at evening your face will be there,
Looking love to me, stretched in my own easy-
chair;
 Oh my own easy-chair,
 My own easy chair,
How dear comes that voice to my own easy-
chair!—W. C. BENNETT.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

Although Ishmael had named an early hour the following day for their departure from London to Brighton, it was not until late in the afternoon that all his arrangements were completed. The five o'clock express was the train he selected, and in but little more than an hour beyond that time a carriage received them at the Brighton terminus, and proceeded at a dashing pace down the Queen's-road and West street, took its way along the King's-road, and ultimately halted at a magnificent mansion in Brunswick terrace. A thick haze arising from the sea prevented the occupants of the carriage from seeing anything save the brilliant lights dimmed by the fog, or the glimmering lamps, placed few and far between on the edge of the footway.

Still adhering to the regulation Ishmael had established, each dined in their apartment alone, and retired to rest without again meeting that night.

Violet, absorbed in the delightful probability of again seeing Cyril Kingswood, took but little heed of her new surroundings, and though she had never seen the sea, she felt indifferent to her close proximity to it, and did not once draw the window-blind aside to attempt to get a view of it, even though she had heard Ishmael, as they drew near to the house at which they had alighted, say that it was enveloped in fog.

One new and strange thing she became conscious of, but not until she had retired to rest, and that was a peculiar, mournful, rushing sound, repeated and subsiding at regular intervals. It reminded her of her forest-home, when the wind soughing through the trees, preparatory to a storm, swept through boughs, bran-hea, and tree-tops, swaying and stirring the leaves, compelling them to chant a low, monotonous swelling, complaining, moaning strain, soothing and pleasing to those accustomed to such wild, plaintive music, but depressing and even terrifying when heard by others who live in busy and populated places, where such sounds are seldom or never heard.

In the ear of Violet the surge and break of the sea upon the shore, the long roll of the descending shingle, as it followed the retreating wave to be again cast up, although she knew not what occasioned them, were sounds inexpressibly grateful. Again she sat in her lonely home with Cyril by her side, again she listened to his tender sentiments, so soft and so musically breathed in her willing ear, and gazed with his fond eyes, not less loving and endearing in their expression than her own.

And so she was by this tender, murmuring, complaining music wooed to sleep, thinking of Cyril as she sank into slumber, and living over the past with him in her happy, happy dreams.

The sunlight awakened her, the gradually-brightening beams penetrating through her window-blinds filled her apartment with their golden rays, and seemed to bring with them a freshness and animation to her spirits.

She arose and strolled herself. She threw open her casement, and started back with a cry of astonishment and delight. What a sight met her gaze!



THE SCENE IN THE FOREST.

The wind had changed from the east to the south, and the haze had all disappeared. Before her was an expanse of ocean, bounded only by the sky, on the right by the spur of land upon which the town of Worthing stands, on the left by tall cliffs. The sea was as calm as a lake and as blue. Upon its still surface rested a few fishing-boats at anchor, rising and falling gently as though they were reposing upon the breast of a prostrate sleeping giant, and their motion was created by the gradual coming and going of his breath.

Immediately beneath her eyes was a broad, well-kept roadway, and beyond that, stretching down to the beach, a green slope also well kept, and from its proximity to the shingled shore, especially pleasant and attractive to the eye.

A few pedestrians were slowly pacing to and fro, and some fishermen were stretching their arms and hesitating whether they would lean against the rails before them on their bent arms or with their backs.

Although yet early in the morning and early, too, in the spring, some bathing-machines were standing in the sea, mid-wheel in depth, and some singular-looking objects in yellow oilskin caps and dark-blue dresses, strikingly denuded of crinoline, were, with ropes about their waists, bobbing up and down in the quiet water, something after the style of dancing dervishes.

The air seemed so fresh, so clear and bright, a fleecy, lazy cloud only here and there mottling the wide expanse of blue; the hum of increasing traffic, the plaintive beat of the sea as it ran up the shore broke in a thin line of white foam, receded only to return and repeat its chafing. The whole scene, in fact, was so new, so strange, so brilliant, and so attractive, that Violet, quite enchanted, stood at her window gazing eagerly in all directions, until her attendant summoned her to the less romantic, but not less essential to health and comfort prospect, of a well-furnished breakfast-table.

Violet had no eyes or thoughts for her morning meal; she thought only of the novel and beautiful scene she had beheld, and of the probability that she should again see Cyril in this fair place.

It was with no little pleasure that she, at a later period of the morning, complied with Ishmael's request to accompany himself and Erle in a walk upon the esplanade. At his desire, she enveloped her features in a thick veil, as this would enable her, although he did not explain to her his object in wishing her to do this, to observe and notice the persons whom she met, and other objects worthy of attention, without herself attracting attention of a character likely to confuse and embarrass her.

The hour approached noon, and the walks and the beach itself, at a certain part, were thronged with visitors. Though not what is termed the Brighton season, there was, nevertheless, a large concourse of promenaders, most of them evidently persons of good station, and not a mean proportion, individuals of distinction.

As they wended their way slowly along, accosted every few steps by polite boatmen, who, with fingers raised to their temples, desired to know if they would "like to have a sail du mor". Fine morn' for a sail," although there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring, and not a ripple on the sea, Violet

regarded with some surprise the costume adopted generally by the crowds of young and handsome ladies, who passed at a somewhat brisk and martial step to and fro. The small hats perched upon the tops of their heads, originally affected by the Spanish contra-bandists, displayed more openly even than the little bonnets which had at one time been the fashion, the charming faces which the fair owners certainly betrayed no intention of concealing. The figures, petite and graceful, were in some instances set off to advantage by tightly-fitting cloaks or hidden under-clothes fashioned like those occasionally worn by the sterner sex. The skirts of the dresses were unusually amplified and caught up in most instances sufficiently high to exhibit an under-garment of the most brilliant colors, and ankles encased in startling-hued hose, abruptly terminated by the smallest and most beautifully shaped Balmoral boots on the eye.

Violet, in her innocence, charmed with the beauty of these young, singular-attired ladies, believed them to be natives of some other land; yet she thought that they could be hardly strangers to this clime, for their glances, though glances, were directed upon the many elegantly dressed gentlemen as they passed, and those of the gentlemen upon them. Some of the gentlemen, too, wore hats similar to those adopted by the young ladies, and she thought them odd and silly but still everyone seemed to pass them without particular notice, so she assumed that it was "native to the custom," and though possibly very ridiculous if worn in London, still quite proper to the place she was then in.

In the roadways there were singers dressed in the costume of one of the Swiss cantons, warbling airs from favorite operas, while in other parts there were German bands making more hideous by their detestable uproar. In a quiet spot would be seen a being with a sallow face, to which water had long been a myth, black, ragged moustaches, and long, greasy, black hair, apparently ill of a song by a favorite composer. And further on a body of negro minstrels might be heard going through a rapid performance on tambourine and bones as if they expected the immediate approach of a policeman to put an end to their exhibition before they could have time to collect their reward from a smiling but not very liberal crowd of spectators of the human class.

A musical performance of a different kind, at the same time, was taking place upon the beach in front of the Bedford Hotel. A respectable body of musicians, styled the town band, here executed with skill, precision and an excellence scarcely to be expected under the circumstances, overtures, pieces, polkas, waltzes, and other music. And here a very large assemblage of the principal visitors congregated, some seated on chairs, others on benches, and not a few upon the steps of bathing machines, of which at this part there is a long line.

Ishmael paused here for a few minutes to enable Violet to see a phase of life entirely new to her. Interspersed with ladies and gentlemen were children, attended by nurse-maids, actively engaged in grubbing holes in the sand and shingle, or gazing with admiration upon a one-armed man, whose head was garnished with a crimson cap, having a tassel ornament at the end dropping down to his shoulder. This individual sold cakes, ginger

bread-nuts, and brandy-balls, and required to be favored by any of his small, but longing auditors, with a solution of the problem, that "if one of the nuts would warm either or any of them for a week, what would a pound do?" Mixed up with this motley group might be seen bathing women, with bonnets upon their heads of an ancient shape, and blue flannel dresses on their bodies of narrow dimensions, curtailed proportions, and insatiable fashion, standing arms a-kimbo, talking to a kind of hybrid scamp, who sat or lolled about with folded arms, pipe in mouth, firm in the belief that work was not intended for them or expected of them; that there is but one paradise, which is beer; and tobacco is its prophet.

The sounds of music, the thronging of individuals, restless in their movements as the sea itself, the passing to and fro of long strings of young ladies, yet under the martinet rule of the schoolmistress, the longing to be emancipated from it, the whirling by of equestrians, male and female; the rolling of carriages, phantoms, flies, and other vehicles; the bright, clear atmosphere; the wide, wide sea, deepening each moment in color, all combined to bewilder and confuse Violet; but at the same time to amuse, interest and delight her.

Ishmael watched her closely. He could see the glitter of her eye through the veil, and the heightening of the color on her cheek, and he could also tell, by her eager examination of the different objects she presented, together with the elasticity of her step, that she was deeply interested and excited by what she beheld.

He bent his head low down to her, and said—"The sight pleases you, Violet?"

"Oh, very greatly, indeed," she returned, with vivacity.

"There are hundreds such scenes which was your inspection," he replied, with some emphasis; "and now you will better understand that the broken heart does know a re-creation; it doth not perish for ever."

He felt her start and shudder as he breathed those words into her ear. He saw her head droop, but she made him no reply.

He could scarcely have expected an answer, yet he felt something vexed that she did not reply. He almost fancied himself premature in the supposition that change of scene, and intercourse with the world, would make her forget, and yet she was evidently impressionable. Others, as fair and gentle as had been carried away by the soft words and softer smiles of newer friends, and why should she remain unchangeable, when so many of her sex were as mutable as that vast ocean upon which he then gazed?

He was disturbed by her continued silence, and by the fact that, on conducting her to the Chain-pier, upon which were gathered but a few persons, the interest she had exhibited in everything she saw previously, seemed to have faded away, and that his observations and remarks were pointed into a dull and in-different ear.

Violet looked at him with an expression of terror on her face.

"You will not, Erle, leave me alone with Ishmael?" she said.

"He will befriend and protect you as he has hitherto done," he responded, taking her hand.

She dropped her head. "He hath vowed that I shall never, never wed Cyril," she murmured, in a sorrowful tone. "He will keep his vow so long as I am wholly and entirely in his power. You bade me have faith—you made me hope—you pointed out to me how, linked together in solation, you would remain in my side; you would work a path way out of the entangled mystery which sur-

rounds us, and lift me with you into the sunshine of happiness. I have had faith in your words, in your promises in the future, because you bade me; but if I am now to be left by you alone with Ishmael, there is hope for me no longer. I may abandon all, and pray only for the hour to come which will release me from life."

"Do not believe, Violet, though I leave you, I shall desert you or forget you. Reviewing the past, from the first hour I set foot in Kingswood Hall until now, I am only each day more confirmed in the belief that the destinies of both are interwoven with those of the Kingswood family. I cannot divine how, but that it is so I am sure. I shall not, I suspect, be able to unravel this complicated matter by remaining with Ishmael, to act like one taking part in a pageant. I must adopt another course, and I have framed a plan which may be successful. It may be disadvantageous to me; be it so—I shall dare it. But I will not quit you for ever without some bold effort to secure your happiness. I have decided upon this, and I may not have an opportunity of speaking to you again. Before, therefore, I quit the subject, there are two matters I wish strongly to impress upon you—remember and act upon them. The first is, that you bear an extraordinary resemblance to a portrait of a lady of the race of Kingswood hanging in an old apartment of Kingswood Hall; and, likewise, to a statue of that lady standing in the antique library. Your face, there seen, I have seen also vividly in—in—"the passed his hands over his temples)—"in dreams it may be—day-dreams, visions, but still your face, bright and clear as I see it now!"

"As I have seen yours in that picture which hangs in the old hunting tower at Kingswood Chase," she exclaimed, with a startled, excited manner; "and at night in the forest depths, in the cold, grey moonbeams—and in—my dreams and visions, too," she added, in a tone which made him thrill.

"So shall it prove that we are both of the race of Kingswood," he returned, in almost a solemn tone.

"No—no—this cannot be," she cried, hastily. "No, no, Cyril Kingswood cannot be allied by blood to me—only—only, Erle, by love."

"We must prove that," he said, musingly. "There is a mystery which awes me as I contemplate it, but I will fathom it. And, therefore, do I secondly impress upon you to feel no surprise, concern, or betray any feeling if suddenly you miss me from our daily communion. Ishmael will not speak of it to you; be silent to him respecting it, and let him think as he may, although it seems harsh in me to say this. I would be grateful to him if I could, but he should satisfy me in an hour. You had better take luncheon I will return to the drawing room at the time I have mentioned, and accompany you in the promptings of an uncompromising revenge."

The last words had hardly left his lips, when Ishmael made his appearance. He motioned to them to follow him, and they obeyed in silence.

Their horses were at the door and two grooms. A crowd quickly assembled to see them mount, and many were the exclamations of admiration from a very humble audience at Violet's beauty. Her attire was nearly the same as that in which she appeared in Hyde Park, and it attracted as much attention here as it had done there.

A carriage approached them slowly—it was open, and contained two ladies. An exclamation from Ishmael drew the attention of both Erle and Violet to its inmates.

"Lady Kingswood," he said, "by heavens, how changed!"

Erle looked into the carriage, and there behold Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud seated. The face of Lady Kingswood was thin, haggard, and strongly marked, and there was a strange wildness in her eye as she turned it rapidly right and left. Her wandering glances were suddenly arrested by Erle's face, and she uttered a hasty exclamation, half rose up, and then fell back almost senseless in her seat.

One glance of surprise at her, and then Erle's eyes fell upon the face of Lady Maud. Her eyes kindled as they met his, her pale cheek flushed, a faint smile curved her lip, and then her face became as white as death again.

A moment, and they were gone—a moment, and all the faces vivid in his eyes an instant previously were misty and indistinct.

Not so to the eyes of Violet, for she caught sight of Cyril Kingswood, who was on horseback, absorbed in thought, and did not see her. She would have attracted his attention, but she knew not how, and before even she could make a gesture which might have the effect of making him turn his eyes upon her, Ishmael rode slightly in advance of her, then stepped to her side, and Cyril was gone, unknowning how near he had once more been to her.

During the ride they met no more, although both Erle and Violet so much wished it. A glance of recognition alone would have made Violet happy, but it was not to be, and

they returned home to dinner with their wives ungratified.

Violet, however, hoped that she might yet have the happiness of seeing him once again, even though she should be unable to interchange a word with him. Her sitting room window looked out into the replanade and roadway, and as soon as she was alone, she watched at it, but watched in vain, until deep night set in, and she could no longer recognize one form from another.

But soon after dawn she was again at her window watching—watching with an intensity of hopefulness that he would appear. It would be such joy to her to see him, and his eyes might fall once again on her face, and beam as radiantly upon her as they had of old, and if they did this, she could wait in patience and resignation for the time to come when they should meet to be no more parted on earth.

And even while such pleasing, hopeful thoughts were passing through her brain, she saw Cyril before her eyes, standing on the pathway, gazing seaward, motionless and abstracted.

She did not think.

She caught up her walking attire, threw them hastily upon her, and within a minute she stood by his side.

"Cyril," she murmured.

He turned, and his astonished eyes fell upon her white, excited face.

"Violet!" he exclaimed, with a wild, passionate cry.

He seized her hands and pressed them to his lips.

Then a wild cry burst from him. He flung her hands down.

"No—no—no," he exclaimed, with a terrible shudder, "no, it must not be—it cannot be. I dare not see you more. No, we part for ever! Oh, horror! Oh, death! for ever and ever!"

Tossing his hands madly up, he darted from the spot, leaving Violet standing paralysed.

A shadow came before her—a voice sounded in her ears—

"Thus I have told you."

But she seemed to know, feel, hear nothing. All power of thought, sight, volition seemed to have left her, and she was borne back to her chamber, inanimate and unconscious, by Ishmael.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

More than a week passed away, and Violet kept her chamber. Accustomed in some degree to such absences, and to Ishmael's silence respecting them and her, Erie made no remark. He, in fact, was glad to be as little in the house, or with Ishmael, as possible.

He paced the promenade in the morning, he rode along the drive in the afternoon. Some days he galloped his horse over the downs upon the Dyke Road, or took a canter through the beautiful avenue in Lord Chillingham's park, leading from the Lewes to the Ditchling Road; at other times he directed his horse by the upper road to Shoreham; or, changing his route, pursued the way to Rottingdean; but without success. He hoped again to meet Lady Maud—he did not meet her.

One day, when the drive along the King's Road was unusually full, Ishmael accompanied him in his ride, and kept him, evidently with an object, at a slow pace, where the equestrians and the carriages were thickest. As they proceeded gently onwards, Erie perceived that, as usual, he was the object of some attention, and the eloquent blood rushed violently into his face as a young and dashing lady, regarding him through an eye-glass, said, in a voice loud enough to him, to hear—

"Amazingly like Lord Kingswood—ridiculously like; more like his lordship than his own son, the Honorable Cyril Kingswood. Pray tell me, my lord Marquis—I know you to have been on intimate terms with the Kingswoods for the whole of your natural life—is this remarkable young person a relation of his lordship?" He must be."

Erie was, with Ishmael, compelled to remain quiet in the rear of a carriage, some vehicles immediately in front being blocked up by one of those pests which trouble this road—a coal cart. The remarks which caught his ear were painfully offensive to him, and finding that he was the object upon which several glasses were levelled, he would gladly have leaped his horse over one if there had been room that he could have escaped.

However, his laughty, defiant, indignant look did not damage him in the estimation of those who observed him, for it was clear, by his noble carriage and his elegant form, that if a handsome person and an exalted man conferred nobility, he might have been the son of a Duke.

He did not hear the reply made, but he saw that it was the Marquis of Chillingham who had been thus addressed, and who had answered the inquisitive lady in an undertone.

Another minute and he was free. He was about to gallop away at a metesone pace, when Ishmael sharply checked him, and then the Marquis of Chillingham joined them.

"I heard that you were here, Vernon," he exclaimed, in his old, quiet tone.

"Indeed!" responded Ishmael, coldly. "Who could have told you?"

"Sir Harry Wilton," responded the Marquis. "You knew Harry Wilton, who was at Trinity with us? It is a son of his—immense estate—and has fallen desperately in love with your pretty young protege."

The horse of Ishmael lowered; more, however, in thought than in anger.

"Talk of nothing else, and has been boring me amazingly to introduce him to you," continued the Marquis. "He is in London just now, but he will be down here again in a day or two."

"I shall be in London shortly. We will reserve the honor until then," replied Ishmael.

"As you please," rejoined the Marquis. "By-the-way, Vernon, I cannot help remaking—you know I have rudeness, and I would

not appear so in your eyes—but I cannot help remarking how great the resemblance of your young companion is to Lord Kingswood. It is the common talk, and it appears to be desperately offensive to his lordship. Some one mentioned it to him at a Cabinet Council the other day, just as we had broken up, and he positively made a virulent and coarse reply to him. By Jove, here he comes! I will draw his attention. Ho, Kingswood!" he cried, loudly, as Lord Kingswood appeared, riding at a canter, with his hat deeply set over his brows.

The nobleman looked up and exhibited as great a change in his face even as Lady Kingswood had. Pale, strongly marked, his features were drawn down and looked sharp and pinched, betraying great mental suffering.

His eyes first encountered the glittering, savage glare of Ishmael's fiery orbs, and then they fell on the pale, excited face of Erie. A cry, almost a wail, burst from his lips; he struck his spurs into the sides of his steed, and fled past them like the wind!

The lip of the Marquis of Chillingham curled, and there was a grim, savage smile on his features too.

"Kingswood has much changed," he observed thoughtfully. "He has altered ever since your young friend by your side—your secret as well as that of Kingswood's—appeared first at Kingswood Hall. Why, Vernon, have you made yourself, Lord Kingswood, and this youth the subject of discourse in every saloon?" By the bye, I must not omit that bright young beauty who occasionally accompanies you in your equestrian airings; she, too, attracts much attention."

"Indeed," answered Ishmael, with his sardonic smile. "Have I done this?"

"In truth have you," replied the Marquis. "The cause no one can get at."

"I have told you that you shall," rejoined Ishmael, with emphasis. "The time is approaching. The world wonders; its wonder shall be set at rest."

"Nine days will do it, without your explanation," remarked the Marquis, dryly.

"Lady Kingswood, too, is greatly changed in her personal appearance," suddenly observed Ishmael. "The haughty beauty appears to have subsided into a pale, haggard woman. Do you know why, Chillingham?" he inquired, with a sudden and startling emphasis.

The face of the Marquis became a trifle paler, and his eyelids fluttered.

"I—I—suppose," he commenced, with the slightest possible stammer, "that the troubles which affect the mind of Lord Kingswood disturb her ladyship's. I cannot possibly know of any other reason, and I am not quite sure that I care."

"Her ladyship is here," observed Ishmael.

"Was here," returned the Marquis, with a silent laugh. "They have grown into the estate of Lady Maud St. Clair, and Cyril Kingswood came here together. They were to be married."

An expression of utter desolation settled on her face. She, however, uttered not a word, but meekly obeyed him. A pang smote his breast as he watched, and when she had left the room, he struck his breast with his clenched fists and groaned.

"Have I not yet made sacrifices enough? Must I tramp my way to my just revenge over the broken hearts of those dearest to me? I have suffered long—unjustly suffered. Must my hour of triumph come when my heart is bleeding at every pore? I would place these two creatures upon a pinnacle of greatness. It is their due, it is their right—and it shall be theirs; but must I, oh, Heaven, slaughter their happiness to accomplish it?"

He pressed his hands over his eyes, and bowed his head low. Anon he threw his hands away, and held his head erect.

"It is the path of Fate. I must march along it. To swerve now would be to annihilate the work of years."

That night they returned to London. That night—dark and stormy—muffled in a cloak, Erie Gower stood in Kingswood Chace.

Knowing the family to be in London, he expected to see the mansion plunged in darkness, but there were lights. In many of the windows, and he saw them moving in and out of various chambers, and he wondered why it should be. There was something, however, strange about the building, and he felt that nothing that happened there of an unusual character would much surprise him.

He passed on among the shadows of the old trees until he reached a window, beneath which he had kneeled when he quitted these walls, as he presumed, forever.

Again he kneeled there, and a few passionate words burst from his lips.

The window was darkened, and all was silent within.

"Dark as my hopes," he muttered. "Be it so, but they cannot keep me, dear Maud, from revisiting that loved old library, from sitting where you sat by my side, from perusing again those lines which wrested out from my heart its secret, and placed it in words of fire before my eyes. I can, in spite of all their hostility, do this. I can roam at will beneath the proud roof—it may be of my ancestors. Oh, Heaven, how that thought pierces my breast and makes the heart sick!"

"Sir Harry Stanhope, by all that is fortunate!" exclaimed the Marquis of Chillingham. "I want to have a little chat with him. Do you know him, Vernon?"

Ishmael made no comment on this. The Marquis, however, looked at him furtively, and wondered what was his motive for putting that question. That he had a motive he did not doubt, but he was strangely and uneasily puzzled to think what it could be.

At this moment his quick eye caught sight of Sir Harry Stanhope and Beatrice. Carlton was on horseback riding by their side. Carlton at the same time caught sight of Erie; he called to his father to draw up to the side of the road, and he rode up to Erie, looking at the same time sharply for Violet.

"Sir Harry Stanhope, by all that is fortunate!" exclaimed the Marquis of Chillingham.

"I want to have a little chat with him. Do you know him, Vernon?"

Ishmael grated his teeth together audibly. The Marquis heard the sound, and with surprise, observed on Ishmael's countenance an expression of intense and malignant hatred.

"I cannot speak with him!" he cried, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped off. The Marquis was surprised into following him, and Erie was left alone with Carlton, who would insist upon his approaching the carriage in which Beatrice was sitting.

He saw that she was pale and sad; he saw her deep dark eyes fastened upon his face, perusing its expression with great earnestness, but withal she possessed greater self-control than he did. He was hot and cold by turns, he clathed at his position, and said he knew not what—something of sorrow that she had been ill; something of hope that the occasion of her illness would pass away to no more return; that when again they met she would have recovered from her transient weakness, and that, with its pain, it would be quite forgotten.

There was a grave and earnest look in his eyes, a firmness in his tone, and a steadfastness in his manner, which was intended to shut out all hope; but Beatrice knew, or believed that she knew, men were weak and women were skillful, and she had a conceit that, though now she had been checked, she was not yet checkmated.

Carlton spoke of Violet, and Sir Harry inquired after Vernon, but Erie found himself unable to submit to his position, and he contrived that his horse should so curvet, turn, prance, and become so restless, that it was an excuse to raise his hat and gallop in the direction Ishmael and the Marquis of Chillingham had taken.

"I shall be in London shortly. We will reserve the honor until then," replied Ishmael.

"As you please," rejoined the Marquis. "By-the-way, Vernon, I cannot help remaking—you know I have rudeness, and I would

not appear so in your eyes—but I cannot help remarking how great the resemblance of your young companion is to Lord Kingswood. It is the common talk, and it appears to be desperately offensive to his lordship. Some one mentioned it to him at a Cabinet Council the other day, just as we had broken up, and he positively made a virulent and coarse reply to him. By Jove, here he comes! I will draw his attention. Ho, Kingswood!" he cried, loudly, as Lord Kingswood appeared, riding at a canter, with his hat deeply set over his brows.

He retraced his steps to the residence in Brunswick terrace, and retired to his own room.

Later on the following day Ishmael inquired for him, and the servant handed to him the following note—

"Grateful for all that you have hitherto done for me, I take the future upon myself. You decline to place confidence in me—why do you decline to reveal to me what it is plain I ought to be put in possession of—you seek to make me a blind instrument to work out an atonement which, by your assertion, is due as much to me as to you. I refuse to become that instrument. I may be a willing one when I know all; but then I will take my own path. We shall meet again, that is certain, but under what circumstances will depend on you. There is a tie, I feel, and know it, which binds me to Violet. I will, so far as I can, watch over her. I may not conquer happiness for her, but I can try—and I will. Remember, great as may be your wrongs and mine, oh, Ishmael! the day must come when we shall both stand before the same tremendous Tribunal, each asking for mercy. Think of this when you note the pale face and wasting form of her whose happiness, more even than her life, you hold in your hand.

"HIM WHOM YOU HAVE NAMED
"ERLE GOWER."

When Ishmael read the contents of this note, he became faint. Then he crushed it in his hands, and an exclamation of rage burst from his lips. Then he summoned Violet to his presence. She came, pale, silent, and sad, more like a spectre, than a young, fair, blooming girl, as she had been but a few short months back. He spoke to her gently and tenderly, and he bade her prepare for their immediate return to London.

She cast her melancholy eyes round the apartment to catch the sympathizing face of Erie, but she saw him not. She remembered what he had told her, and she knew that he had departed.

An expression of utter desolation settled on her face. She, however, uttered not a word, but meekly obeyed him. A pang smote his breast as he watched, and when she had left the room, he struck his breast with his clenched fists and groaned.

"Have I not yet made sacrifices enough? Must I tramp my way to my just revenge over the broken hearts of those dearest to me? I have suffered long—unjustly suffered. Must my hour of triumph come when my heart is bleeding at every pore? I would place these two creatures upon a pinnacle of greatness. It is their due, it is their right—and it shall be theirs; but must I, oh, Heaven, slaughter their happiness to accomplish it?"

He pressed his hands over his eyes, and bowed his head low. Anon he threw his hands away, and held his head erect.

"It is the path of Fate. I must march along it. To swerve now would be to annihilate the work of years."

That night they returned to London. That night—dark and stormy—muffled in a cloak, Erie Gower stood in Kingswood Chace.

Knowing the family to be in London, he expected to see the mansion plunged in darkness, but there were lights. In many of the windows, and he saw them moving in and out of various chambers, and he wondered why it should be. There was something, however, strange about the building, and he felt that nothing that happened there of an unusual character would much surprise him.

He passed on among the shadows of the old trees until he reached a window, beneath which he had kneeled when he quitted these walls, as he presumed, forever.

Again he kneeled there, and a few passionate words burst from his lips.

The window was darkened, and all was silent within.

"Dark as my hopes," he muttered. "Be it so, but they cannot keep me, dear Maud, from revisiting that loved old library, from sitting where you sat by my side, from perusing again those lines which wrested out from my heart its secret, and placed it in words of fire before my eyes. I can, in spite of all their hostility, do this. I can roam at will beneath the proud roof—it may be of my ancestors. Oh, Heaven, how that thought pierces my breast and makes the heart sick!"

"Sir Harry Stanhope, by all that is fortunate!" exclaimed the Marquis of Chillingham.

"I want to have a little chat with him. Do you know him, Vernon?"

Ishmael grated his teeth together audibly. The Marquis heard the sound, and with surprise, observed on Ishmael's countenance an expression of intense and malignant hatred.

"I cannot speak with him in!" he cried, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped off. The Marquis was surprised into following him, and Erie was left alone with Carlton, who would insist upon his approaching the carriage in which Beatrice was sitting.

He saw that she was pale and sad; he saw her deep dark eyes fastened upon his face, perusing its expression with great earnestness, but withal she possessed greater self-control than he did. He was hot and cold by turns, he clathed at his position, and said he knew not what—something of sorrow that she had been ill; something of hope that the occasion of her illness would pass away to no more return; that when again they met she would have recovered from her transient weakness, and that, with its pain, it would be quite forgotten.

There was a grave and earnest look in his eyes, a firmness in his tone, and a steadfastness in his manner, which was intended to shut out all hope; but Beatrice knew, or believed that she knew, men were weak and women were skillful, and she had a conceit that, though now she had been checked, she was not yet checkmated.

Carlton spoke of Violet, and Sir Harry inquired after Vernon, but Erie found himself unable to submit to his position, and he contrived that his horse should so curvet, turn, prance, and become so restless, that it was an excuse to raise his hat and gallop in the direction Ishmael and the Marquis of Chillingham had taken.

"I shall be in London shortly. We will reserve the honor until then," replied Ishmael.

"As you please," rejoined the Marquis. "By-the-way, Vernon, I cannot help remaking—you know I have rudeness, and I would

not appear so in your eyes—but I cannot help remarking how great the resemblance of your young companion is to Lord Kingswood. It is the common talk, and it appears to be desperately offensive to his lordship. Some one mentioned it to him at a Cabinet Council the other day, just as we had broken up, and he positively made a virulent and coarse reply to him. By Jove, here he comes! I will draw his attention. Ho, Kingswood!" he cried, loudly, as Lord Kingswood appeared, riding at a

have drawn their vigor from the parent trunk, but they have well repaid the debt. The progress which has been made in turning Liberal ideas into facts, during the last thirty years, even here at home, is greatly the result of the existence elsewhere of British communities, which had broken off all connection with feudal forms of thought. How, then, can we do otherwise than wish well to the United States of North America, and pray that they may not diverge from the paths which would lead them to permanent greatness and prosperity?

There may be some leaven of selfishness in the above view, but it is that "enlarged selfishness" which takes in the welfare of great communities of men, and the cause of human progress everywhere.

ALLEGED PLAGIARISM.

The following extraordinary charge against young Bulwer—"Owen Meredith"—has recently been made in England:

The London *Literary Gazette* of March second, has an elaborate article of four pages, demonstrating in the fullest manner that the famous poem of *Lucile*, which revealed last year in such an unexpected manner the genius of the son of Bulwer, is no better than a very literal translation of the "Lavinia" of George Sand. That novel, published in Paris about twenty-five years ago, is one of the few novels of George Sand, which has not appeared in an English dress; and the great number of larger works which have followed, had caused it to almost forgotten. It is very remarkable, however, that so bold and complete a plagiarism from so well known a writer, extending through whole cantos of poems, should have remained undetected for so many months. Mr. "Owen Meredith," in his "Dedication" of *Lucile* to his father, has the assurance to say that he "had endeavored to follow a path on which I could discover no foot-prints before me, either to guide or to warn." In illustration of this astounding impudence, the reviewer in the *Literary Gazette* places the reviews, from the novel and the passages from the poem side by side, and enables the reader to see that they are as nearly identical as poetry and prose can be. In many instances, indeed, "Lucile" uses the very words of "Lavinia"—the French expressions for flowers that have no English name. Of forty-seven pages which the reviewer examined, the identity was complete. No literary reputation can stand such an exposure as this; and we have probably heard the last of Owen Meredith as an author and poet.

Without expressing any opinion upon the charge of plagiarism alluded to in the above—only so far as to say that not only charity, but justice demands that the literary public should withhold its verdict until Mr. Bulwer has had an opportunity of being heard in reply—we may be allowed to dissent from the closing sentence of the article we have quoted. Putting *Lucile* aside, "Owen Meredith" has fully proven by other productions that he has no mean claim to the title of "author and poet." Moreover, his poetry seems to us to be decidedly original. Whatever else may be said against the vein in which he works, it certainly cannot be accused of being the same old mine which third and fourth rate poets have been working at for ages. And among his fugitive pieces are those which will not soon be forgotten, but will probably continue to appear in popular "poetical selections" for centuries.

We await Mr. Bulwer's answer to the charge of the *London Literary Gazette*, in the hope, we might almost say belief, that it will fully explain what now, we confess, does seem a little difficult of explanation.

THE UNIVERSAL PRIVATE TELEGRAPH.—An invention of Professor Wheatstone's, by which the process of telegraphing becomes the mere pressing upon keys similar to those of an accordion—each key thus pressed upon telegraphing a letter of the alphabet—seems to be coming into use for private telegraphs in England. One nobleman, Lord Kinnaird, telegraphs from his residence, Rossie Castle, to the county town, eight miles off, and if anything is wanted from his tradesmen there, the order is given in his own library. In London they have projected a vast system of telegraphing by means of cables composed of from 30 to 100 isolated wires, to be carried over the tops of the houses. As the wires need not be thicker than ordinary pack-thread for messages of twenty miles, the whole cable is not thicker than the little finger—thus greatly reducing the expense. The cable does not bear its own weight, but is slung to a stout iron wire. The plan is for every person to have his own telegraph wire, as he has now his gas and water pipe, for which he will pay an annual rent. As the writer from whom we gather these facts well says:—

"Who shall say that this old earth is near its decadence? Why, it has only just been endowed with its nervous system; its muscles, if we may so term the steam-engine, have only just set in motion; and its locomotive powers, the railway and steamship, have only just found out the full use of their legs. In brain, nerve, and limb, it is but just emerging from its helpless infancy. At what pace we shall go in the next generation, we scarcely dare to anticipate."

A SHARP DODGE.—A certain New York merchant recently found himself in possession of a quantity of linen wrappers, of very good quality, but so short that no human being, not even an Esquimaux, could wear them with comfort. How to dispose of them to advantage was a question difficult of solution; but his wits were equal to the emergency, and he hit upon the following plan: He sent a stranger to a certain retail store, with instructions to inquire for short linen wrappers. The merchant could not supply him, and the stranger inquired where he could find the article. Next day another stranger was despatched on the same mission, and the next day another, and so on, until the retail merchant became convinced that there was an extraordinary demand for short linen wrappers, and began to look about to find a supply. He did not succeed until he came to the establishment of the merchant first mentioned, where he bought the entire lot. It is hardly necessary to add, that there has been no artful man.

A very "sharp dodge" indeed! If Satan regularly takes the New York papers,—and that he does we have little doubt, saying nothing of the editors—he must have chuckled in reading of the above commercial exploit, and resolved that such a talented fellow as that New York merchant was entirely too valuable to let slip through his fingers. We

do not know that highway robbery is any better than such a commercial "transaction,"—but we are pretty certain that it is not a great deal worse. Highway robbery has at least an element of manliness which this sneak robbery is deficient in.

A SENSIBLE AND CHRISTIAN PROPOSITION.—We are glad to learn that the British government has proposed to settle the San Juan difficulty by arbitration. It is willing to abide by the decision of either Sweden, Switzerland, or the Netherlands. The matter being submitted to the Senate by President Lincoln, the Committee on Foreign Relations has made a favorable report upon the subject, and naturally recommends the choice of Switzerland. This is much more sensible than an attempt at brow-beating on one side or the other, and much better befitting two nations professing Christianity.

FORT SUMTER.—There is very little doubt now that the evacuation of Fort Sumter has been resolved upon by the Administration as a "military necessity," and that it will speedily take place.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CROSSED PATH; OR, BASIL. A Story of Modern Life. By WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

TRUMPS. A Novel. By GEORGE W. CURTIS, author of "Potiphar Papers," &c. Splendidly (?) Illustrated by Hopper. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

THE ORDEAL OF FREE LABOR IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES. By W. G. SWELL. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and for sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS. Thucydides, in Two Volumes, and Vergilius. For sale by G. G. Evans, Phila.

HARRY HARROW; OR, THE BENVOLENT BACHELOR. By JOHN T. IRVING (nephew of Washington Irving). Published by R. M. De Witt, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

HARPER'S MONTHLY, for April. GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for April. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for April. ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for April.

WALKING OR SLEEPING WITH THE MOUTH OPEN.

There is one rule which should be strictly observed by all in taking exercise by walking, as the very best form in which it can be taken by both the young and the abedolled of all ages, and that is, *never to allow the action of respiration or breathing to be carried on through the mouth*. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was, by our Creator, designed to be carried on. "God breathed into man's nostril the breath of life," previous to his becoming a living creature.

The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly and resolutely closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, cannot be conceived as possible by those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and really unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth, instead of through the nasal passages, is the true origin of almost all diseases of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, congestion, asthma, and even consumption itself.

That excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, and which is so weakening to the body, is solely the effect of such people sleeping with their mouths unclosed. And the same exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of—when not engaged in conversation—preserving the lips in a state of firm and quiet compression. Children should never be allowed to sleep, stand, or walk with their mouths open; for besides the vacant appearance it gives to the countenance, it sometimes causes coughs, colds and sore throats.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

37 As soon as a stranger is introduced into any company, one of the first questions which all wish to have answered, is, How does that man get a living? And with reason. He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood. Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs.

37 Pawnbrokers should be attached to actors, because they are addicted to spouting.

37 Friends that are worth having are not made, but "grow," like Topsy in the novel. An old man, on his death bed, gave this advice to his sons:—

Never try to make a friend. Enemies come fast enough without cultivating the crop, and friends that are brought forward by hot-house expedients are apt to wilt long before they are ripened.

The stars are with the voyager. Wherever he may sail;

The moon is constant to her time;

The sun will never fail;

But follow round the world,

The green earth and the sea;

So love is with the lover's heart,

Wherever he may be.

37 The Bourbons are now a family of exiles, not fewer than fifty-five out of the seventy-four who are the direct or collateral descendants of Louis XIV. being in exile.

37 Find a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something; mark his manner of doing it as very characteristic of him.

37 Punch says an architect is a designing character. Of course he is; a man so full of art must be an artful man.

37 A man gets into another world, strange to him as the orb of Sirius, if he can transport himself into the centre of a woman's heart, and see the life there, so wholly unlike our own. Things of moment to us, to it so trivial; things trifling to us, to it so vast!

37 The man who "challenged contradiction" got into an awful fight, and was severely beaten.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A VERY OLD CUSTOM—THE ROMANCE OF CRIME—BLONDIN WANTED—TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION—A BAD BUSINESS.

PARIS, Feb. 15, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The first three days of this week, cold but sunny, have been filled by the annual promenade of the "Fat Oxen," which, having won the suffrages of the Syndicate of the Corporation of Butchers at the yearly Cattle Fair of Poitiers, are exhibited, during the three days of Shrovetide, that usher in the period of Lent, and in all the glory of gilding, and gilding, to the admiring eyes of the sight-loving Parisians. The spectacle has been unusually "grand" this year; the animals—rejoicing in the names of *Pokin*, *Shang-hai*, and *What will they say of him?* being remarkably large and handsome, the car on which they are drawn being newly painted and decorated, and the Olympian deities who, under the marshalling of Father Time, always follow the oxen in a gorgeous car of their own, having come out in new and splendid costumes. Besides all these elements of the show, there was this year an enormous sheep, washed up to snowy whiteness, hung with ribbons and artificial flowers, and attended by two pretty, impudent-looking children, whose poor little heads have assuredly been turned for the rest of their lives by figuring on this exciting occasion as a shepherd and shepherdess, in all the spannels, colors, and gilding which, as everybody knows, are essential to the due discharge of the work of tending sheep. All Paris has, of course, turned out to see the procession, which has been winding its slow length along the usual route, visiting the Ministers, Ambassadors, Rothschilds, and Pereire, the heads of the Butcher trade, the members of the Imperial Family, and the Tulleries; receiving "drink-money" at each hotel, and a larger gratuity at the palace.

If only the necessary work could be done, and the necessity of food, raiment and shelter supplied by sight-seeing, what a happy people would the Parisians be! The well-dressed and well-behaved crowd of Paris—unique in its way—turns out, and masses itself, in its best clothes and cleanest aprons, for hours before the oxen come by, patiently and contentedly enduring the cold, as good-tempered, polite and happy as possible, resenting nothing but attempts on the part of new-comers to squeeze themselves into the front ranks to the detriment of the view of those who have been holding their positions until they feel that they have an imprescriptible right to them. A Paris crowd will never stand interlopers; and wages spasmodically angry at any attempt on the part of new-comers to get into the front ranks; but nothing else ever disturbs its equanimity, as one would almost think, to see the zealous passivity with which it waits for hours either to see a procession go by, or to secure the best seats at the theatre or circus.

But to return to the special show-off at which Paris has been gazing this week. The Olympian chariot was preceded by another open vehicle filled with fancifully-attired musicians; and these were headed by a body of mounted police to open the way for the procession. Beside the car on which stood the Fat Ox of the day, with its wondering brown eyes, that no doubt would gladly have exchanged the architectural and military glories of Paris for the green fields of Calvado whence it had been withdrawn, were a band of butchers arrayed in the costume of Roman lictors; behind came another body of mounted police. Very few masks have been out; but that accompaniment of the carnival tending to disappear in the latitude of Paris.

There is some talk of the famous rope-walker, Blondin, being engaged to show off his astonishing powers in that line for the amusement of the people of this city. Leobard, the gymnast, whose astounding feats at the circus here were described in my letter of May 25th of last year, and who has been drawing increasing crowds ever since, having just accepted an engagement, on fabulous terms, at St. Petersburg, has left the circus here deprived of its greatest attraction. The last night he appeared at the circus, he performed a new feat, so astoundingly difficult that the public went into even more than its usual state of rapturous excitement; and the manager offered him \$120 for one more night. Leobard, who is on bad terms with the manager, refused this offer, and will transfer his feats of flying, and springing through the air from rope to rope, to the northern capital which promises to pay his vaulting in such handsome style. The presence of Blondin would therefore be peculiarly welcome at this establishment, where they have nothing to take to the place left vacant by the retreat of the great gymnast, whose feats, marvellous as they are, the leap of the Mamelukes, the engulfment of Curtius in the Roman forum, and even the imaginary descent of Monte Christo in his sack through the air, are, after all, but tame and common-place compared with the resources of poor working men, one of whom is thus relieved of all future necessity of working—"the sum gained by him constituting a fortune for one in his position,"—and the prizes gained by the others being enough, when added to their wages, to make them "exceedingly comfortable."

Not very long since, a poor workman went mad from excess of rapture at gaining the highest prize in one of these lotteries; and a few months ago another committed suicide in despair at having risked all his earnings in various lotteries, and lost in all.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

count for my long silence. I received in reply, in due course, a long letter detailing family news, without any allusion to my unfortunate case, except in a postscript, in which she merely said, "Oh, William, I do wish you would give up riding after dinner."

Such an escape is certainly very wonderful, whether we call it "Providence," or "miraculous," or attribute it to the "luck" in which the mass of the lower classes in France so devoutly believe; and which leads them so generally to trust to "bonheur" rather than to honest and persevering labor, and so zealously to support the innumerable lotteries out of which the civil and ecclesiastical hierarchies of France contrive to get so much "picking" in the course of the year.

The encouragement given by the French Government, directly and indirectly, to the public lotteries, which exercise so deplorable an effect on the morals of the people of this country, is well illustrated by the following, which I extract from the semi-official journal, *La Patrie*, of a few days ago, and which is at this moment going the rounds of all the principal papers:

"The first prize in the Lisle lottery has just been gained by two grenadiers of the First Regiment of the Guards, named Mourelot and Harand. Fate has, for the nonce, favored two men worthy of being mentioned as examples of good conduct. Mourelot has always shown himself a good soldier, and a tender son. Born at Madiran, in the Department of the Upper Pyrenees, he is the sole support of an old mother, now infirm and unable to work. Mourelot never neglected to send all his pay home to his good mother, and, in order to have the means of giving her more comforts in her old age, he resolved, not long ago, to re-enlist, on the expiration of his term of service. It may be easily guessed that this excellent son had not been slow in sending to his mother the bounty he received on his re-enlistment. A week ago, Mourelot, prompted by his good star, entered a tobacco shop in the Rue de Rivoli, and determined to buy three tickets for the Lisle lottery. Perhaps, on quitting the shop, he may have regretted his money, of which he had deprived his mother; for on reaching his barracks, he confided his apprehensions and his slight hopes to his comrade, Harand, who offered to share the chances with him, and to take part in the risk of loss as well as in the chance of gain. Mourelot consented willingly, and Harand gave him one-half the price of the three tickets; that is to say, one franc and a half, which, he remarked, laughingly, he "considered about as good as lost." But fortune was favorable to them. One of the three tickets gained the great prize of 40,000 francs, and the two grenadiers are thus in possession of 20,000 francs apiece. The happiness of Mourelot may be imagined. Henceforth his mother is out of reach of want, and she will be able to spend her last days in peace and comfort."

Another journal tells us that Mourelot, not having enough money to buy the three tickets, got Harand to furnish one franc and a quarter, and a second comrade to fork out the remaining five sous wanted to make up the sum; and makes Mourelot, on applying at the lottery-office for his prize, inform the admiring bystanders that he and Harand had quite forgotten about their tickets until, one day, it got noised about in the barracks that the lottery was drawn, and that the first prize was gained by two men in our company. "On which," said the grenadier, "I got a list of the winning numbers, and found, sure enough, that we were the winners! Our Colonel, hearing of our luck, gave me a leave to come here for my money, and here I am!"

According to this account, in which no mention is made of the "infirm old mother," Mourelot keeps 20,000 francs; Harand 19,000 francs; and the subscriber of five sous, has 1,000 francs. However this may be, the moral of this touching and exciting history, which will be spelled out, and commented upon with the most eager interest, in every wine-shop, eating house, and porter's lodge, from the Channel to the Mediterranean, and from the Rhine to the Bay of Biscay, is of course, that all poor devils who are tired of being poor, and don't like working long for little gains, should by all means contrive to scrape a few francs together, and forthwith invest such scrapings in one or other of the innumerable lotteries got up all over the country, under the sanction of the Government.

An equally glowing account of the raptures of the winners in another lottery, is also going the rounds of the papers; the *Patrie* winding up its account by remarking, "what a very nice thing" is such an addition to the resources of poor working men, one of whom is thus relieved of all future necessity of working—"the sum gained by him constituting a fortune for one in his position,"—and the prizes gained by the others being enough, when added to their wages, to make them "exceedingly comfortable."

Not very long since, a poor workman went mad from excess of rapture at gaining the highest prize in one of these lotteries; and a few months ago another committed suicide in despair at having risked all his earnings in various lotteries, and lost in all.

QUANTUM.

TENDER HANDED STROKE A NETTLE,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains;
So it is with certain natures;
Use them kindly—thou're rebel,
But be rough as nutmeg grates,
And the rogues obey you well.

QUANTUM.

A MELANCHOLY CASE OF DISSIPATION.—The Boston Journal mentions the following sad instance of mental and social ruin, resulting from unrestrained dissipation:—

"Among the tenants of the lock up on Monday night was a man—a wreck of what he was before he became a prey to his perverted appetite—who, until within a few years, stood in the foremost rank of the medical profession, enjoying a lucrative practice in one of our suburban towns, surrounded by all the comforts which wealth and social position could give; yet, having yielded to a passion for drink, has, in the space of eight years squandered a fortune of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and descended to the lowest degree of degradation."

FAT.

"What is the use of fat?" "It performs several offices. One is to round the system and complete the beauty of the person. Your cousin Jane's smooth neck owes its beauty to the skillful manner in which the adipose matter is packed into all the crevices between the muscles, veins and arteries. For Nature expends no small amount of labor in the production of beauty. Behold the illies of the field, not Solomon, in all his glory, was arrayed like one of these." Another use of the adipose matter is to serve as a reservoir of all for the support of the system. In the fever which I recently had, my stomach was in such a state that it could digest no food, and, by one of those beautiful adjustments so common in Nature, my appetite rejected it, and I did not eat a mouthful for several days.

The encouragement given by the French Government, directly and indirectly, to the public lotteries, which

GRATITUDE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Poor old lady, set her aside.

Her children are grown, and her work is done;
True, in their service her locks turned gray,
Now more her aye, unsought, alone.Give her a home for decency's sake,
In some back room, far out of the way,
Where her tremulous voice cannot be heard,
It might check your mirth when you would be gay.Sister to forget how she toiled for you,
And cradled you on her loving breast,
Told you stories and joined your play,
Many an hour when she needed rest.No matter for that, huddle her off,
Your friends might wince at her witty jest,
She too is "old fashioned," and speaks "so plain,"
Get her out of the way of the coming guest.Once you valued her cheerful voice,
Her hearty laugh and her merry song,
But to "own polite" they are quite too loud,
Her jokes too sharp, her tales too long.So, poor old lady, huddle her off,
In her cheerless room let her sit alone,
She must not meet with your guests to-night,
For her work is done and her children grown.

FAITHFUL WIVES.

MADAME LAVALETTE.

M. Lavalette lay under sentence of death for high treason at Paris, in 1815. His wife was in such miserable health, through her anxieties and terrors, and her efforts on his behalf, that she could hardly stand. She made this weakness available for M. Lavalette's escape. She went to the prison in a sedan chair, and was carried without stopping to a passage within the turnkey's department; and when she went home, she entered the chair at the same place. On the December day in 1815, which was to have been the last of her husband's life, she went to the prison at four in the afternoon, her daughter, eleven years old, walking beside the chair. The fashion of the time, in regard to head-dress, was favorable to disguise. We do not forget the remark made when the Duchesse d'Angoulême entered the Tuilleries, on the return of the Bourbons, and appeared there as the heroine of the most mournful story in all royal experience; the remark of the by-standers was—"She wears the small bonnet!" the small bonnet being the English mode, and the French a particularly large one. In such a large bonnet, and moreover with an ample veil, Madame Lavalette stepped out of the chair; and the turnkey supported her on one side, and her child on the other, upstairs and to the door of her husband's apartment. She dined with her husband, and in an hour and a half from her arrival, the turnkey was summoned to assist her to her chair. The veil was down, and no doubt the man was silent from compassion. It was an hour before any one entered the prisoner's room; and then the prisoner, wrapped in the well known cloak, appeared to be reading by the light of a candle on the table behind him. The gauder spoke twice, and, receiving no answer, advanced into the room, and went to the front of the prisoner. Further concealment was impossible. Madame Lavalette looked up with a smile, saying, "He is gone," and immediately fell into convulsions. She had been full of dread of the treatment she should receive when discovered; and the solitary hour of watching and terror she had passed had been too much for an exhausted invalid. She rejoined her husband, however, beyond the frontiers of France, whence he had escaped by the agency of Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Bruce, whose trials for the act (only half voluntary on their part, and an act of simple benevolence,) all elderly Englishmen remember.

There is no end to the true stories of the devotedness of wives of political prisoners, whether they could effect deliverance, like Madame Lavalette and Madame Kinkel, or could only mitigate, more or less, the sufferings of captivity. The sympathies of a whole generation were with the Countess Confaloni, in her incessant struggles for her husband's release from the atrocious inflictions of the late Emperor of Austria; and when her reason gave way, and then her life, so that she had no enjoyment of his freedom at last, her fate was felt almost as a personal sorrow by more than one nation.

Madame Kinkel's health also gave way under the stress of terror and grief, inflicted by the late King of Prussia himself and his servants, in their passion of alarm and wrath at the events of 1848; but she lived a few happy years with her husband in his exile before the heart-disease which she had incurred in the struggle caused her death by a fall from a window, to which she had rushed for air in a spasm. Again and again she had been told that he had only one day to live, or that he had been shot that morning; and her persistence in moving heaven and earth on his behalf was met with intolerable insolence, indifference, or cruelty. The indignity to which M. Kinkel was subjected, of being made to spend his days in spinning wool, was at length converted into a retribution on his oppressors. The yarn he had spun during the day hung from his window at night, to fetch up the implements by which he effected his escape. I believe the method of escape has never been made known. All the gauders knew what the bird had flown, and then that he had joined his patient and constant mate; and again, that they had made a nest for themselves in a region where the lining and snaring of the best birds of the wood is an unknown practice.

When we speak or hear of wives attending on their imprisoned husbands, all minds revert to the two wives whose interests were engaged on opposite sides during the great rebellion.—Mrs. Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe. Lucy Hutchinson's life is as well

known by her Memoirs of her husband, that her mere name and her husband's mention of her with his dying breath are enough.—"Let her," said he, "as she is above other women, show herself, on this occasion, a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women." She was his friend and partner in all transactions in which she could share; his deputy when two offices had to be filled at once; and her superiority in judgment, knowledge, and ability was a subject of genuine and dignified exultation to him—in striking contrast to the sense and experience of a great man at the very moment.

Milton has left us his testimony of the need that such men have of intellectual capacity and cultivation in a wife. Without it, he says, "there must come that unspeakable weariness and despair of all sociable delight which turn the blessed ordinance of God into a sore evil under the sun," or at least to a familiar mischief, a drooping and disconsolate household,—captivity without refuge or redemption."

LADY FANSHAWE.

Lady Fanshawe candidly tells us how she went to work to be her husband's, Sir Richard Fanshawe's political comrade; or rather how she—a mere girl—was wrought upon by designing persons, to try to get at his secrets, when the fate of the Stuarts was trembling in the balance, and an indiscreet word from man or woman might possibly determine the fate of an empire. She tells us ingeniously and merrily how she pouted and sulked, and how her husband gaily and lovingly bore with her, and gave her time to recover her good sense; and then spoke a few wise and kind words of explanation of his duty to his prince which set her right for life. "So great was his reason and goodness," she writes, "that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me so vile, that, from that day, until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated freely to me, in order to his estate or family." About such things he did communicate freely from the day when they married upon twenty pounds, in the most private way at Oxford, where the king's servants bear their training in hardship, to the last of their joint lives; and when they could no longer converse and consult in privacy, at home, they daringly talked in the open air from the window to the ground. Of course, this was in the dark, and when they could communicate in no other way. He was imprisoned at Whitehall; and she went there from Chancery Lane every morning before daybreak, with a dark lantern, on foot, alone, and in all weathers, slipped into the entry upon which her husband's window opened, carried him news, and received his directions. After the first time, when he did not expect her at four in the morning, he never failed to put out his head instantly, in answer to her soft call. Sometimes she was so wet with the rain that it went in at her neck and out at her heels, but that was no matter, if she could learn how best to make application to Cromwell on her husband's behalf—a thing which she did successfully, owing, as she told her children, to the Protector's great respect for their father.

She once showed an equal disregard of another kind of rain, an iron shower from an enemy at sea. A Turkish galley menaced the vessel in which the Fanshawes were going to Spain; and the only chance of escape from slavery was by putting on a warlike appearance, and hiding all the women and the merchandise. So the ladies were locked into the cabin, whence indeed Lady Fanshawe had been too sick to move. Now, however, when her husband was in danger on deck, she never rested till she had brought a cabin-boy to the door, got him to open it, and possessed herself of his blue thimble cap and his tarred coat. She put half a crown in his hand, and he let her pass up to the deck, where she stole softly to her husband's side, "as free from sickness and fear," she tells her children, "as I confess, from discretion." This time her husband had no rebuke ready for her indiscretion. Looking upon her he blessed himself, and snatched her up in his arms, saying, "Good God! that love can make this change!" He bathed himself at length of chiding her; but it was with a laughing and a glistening eye, both then and ever after.

MRS. PATTON.

We have some of us heard a story lately—of a more solemn sweetness than this—a story as animating as it is mournful, of such a wife with her husband at sea. Each age has its own mode of disclosure of the moral greatness of the men and women of the time; and in this case, through the ways and circumstances of our century—of even the latter half of it—we see in Mrs. Patton the mind and soul of the best wife of the noblest Crusader of twelve centuries ago.

One February day, four years since, the people who happened to be on the Battery at New York, saw that a sick person was being carried in a litter from a ship to the Battery Hotel. Beside the litter walked a young girl, as a careless passenger might have supposed; but others were struck by the strangeness of such youthfulness in one with so careworn a face. She was also obviously near her confinement. She was twenty, in fact, and had been married three years to the man in the litter. She had been brought up in gaiety and indulgence in a prosperous home in East Boston, and had married a gallant young sea captain. In the first days of the honeymoon, Captain Patton was offered the command of the Neptune's Car, a ship fitted out for the circumnavigation of the globe, and delayed by the illness of the commander. Captain Patton declined this great piece of professional advancement, on the ground that he could not leave his bride, for so long a time, at an hour's warning. He was told she might go with him; she was willing, and they were established on board within twelve hours from the first proposal being made.

They were absent a year and five months; and from the outset she made herself her

husband's pupil, companion and helper, to his great delight. She studied navigation, and learned everything that he could teach her, and was soon habituated to take observations, steer by the chart, and keep the ship's reckoning. In August, 1856, they sailed again in their beloved vessel for California, making sure that the ship they were so proud of, and so familiar with, would beat two others which started at the same time. The race which ensued closed to Captain Patton the evil temper and designs of his first mate, who was evidently bent on defeating his purpose, and, for some unknown reason, on carrying the ship into Valparaiso. Before Cape Horn was reached, the captain was suffering from anxiety and vigilance. There it was necessary to despatch the mate, and under the toll of supplying his place, Captain Patton's health gave way entirely. A fever was brought on by congestion of the brain, but he had had time to put his wife in full possession of his purposes. The ship was by no means to go to Valparaiso; for the crew would desert, and the cargo be lost before the consignees could arrive. His honor and conscience were concerned, he said, in going to the right port. This settled everything in his wife's mind. The ship should go to her destined port, and no other.

Her husband became hopelessly delirious; and the mate seized the opportunity to assume authority. He wrote a letter to Mrs. Patton, warning her not to oppose him, and charging her with the responsibility of the fate of every man in the vessel, if she presumed to interfere. She replied that her husband had not trusted him while he was well; and she should not trust him now that her husband was ill. She assembled the crew, told them the facts, and appealed to them—Would they accept her authority in her husband's place, disregard the first mate, and work the ship under the orders of the second? Every man of them agreed, and she had nothing to complain of from them. They did what they could to sustain her. They saw her at her studies, as they passed the cabin windows, and regarded her with reverence and pity—a young wife, soon to be a mother, alone among men, with her husband to nurse and control, the crew to command, and their lives to preserve by her learning and professional skill! There she sat at her desk by lamplight,—now studying medical books which could instruct her on her husband's case, now keeping the reckoning, and making entries in the log. At noon and at midnight she was on deck, taking an observation. She marked the charts, made no mistakes, and carried the ship into port in fine condition on the 13th of November.

Captain Patton was a Freemason; and the Freemasons at San Francisco were kind, sending them back to New York by the first ship that could take them. They arrived wholly destitute,—the husband, blind, deaf, delirious, dying;—the wife grave and composed, but bent upon reaching Boston before her confinement. This aim she could not accomplish; her husband was too ill to be removed, and her child was born in a strange place. The New York underwriters immediately sent her one thousand dollars as a gift; and the owners of the vessel and cargo at once took steps to testify their sense of her conduct. Under singular extremity, she had considered the interests of the crew, and saved a vast amount of property to the owners; and the value and conscientiousness of this lonely young creature were thoroughly appreciated. The truth was, it was to her husband that she devoted herself. She wrought out his purpose, and saved his honor.

From the verge of his grave she disappears from sight. We may never hear of her again; but we scarcely need to know more. What could we ask further, after being presented with the true image of a perfect wife, heroic in proportion to the extremity of her trial? I, for one, am thankful to know that a Mary Patton has shown the full glory and beauty of wifehood in our day! INGLEBY SCOTT.

KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

Keep the heart young—never mind a gray hair—
Keep the heart young, and you'll never despair,
Hopeful and glad, let the old frame decay—
Who cares for the shell when the jewel's away?

Keep the heart young with full trust in God's might

To anchor you safely, but follow the right,
Keep the heart young and be merry and gay,
Give care to the winds and be jolly always.

Keep the heart young, and be tender and true,
As loving to others as they are to you;

Keep the heart young, and don't fly in a rage,
If any one mentions your mellow old age.

Keep the heart young and let old Time appear,
He'll glide on so gently, you'll scarce feel him near;

A friend—and no foe—bringing peace and delight;

But keep the heart young, and you'll always be right.

TRUE AND FALSE WORKMEN.

In every variety of human employment, in the mechanical and in the fine arts, in navigation, in farming, in legislating, there are among the numbers who do their task perfunctorily, as we say, or just to pass, and as badly as they dare,—there are the working men, on whom the burden of the business falls,—those who love work, and love to see it rightly done, who finish their task for its own sake; and the state and the world is happy that has the most of such finishers.—The world will always do justice at last to such finishers; it cannot otherwise. He who has acquired the ability, may wait securely the occasion of making it felt and appreciated, and know that it will not loiter.—EMERSON.

He's a fool that grumbles at every little mishap. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate; people do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances.

that the analogy between this social discipline and Nature's early discipline of infants is universally recognized; but we also see an implied conviction that this discipline is of the most efficient kind. Nay more, this conviction is not only implied, but distinctly stated. Every one has heard others confess that only by "dearly bought experience" had they been induced to give up some bad or foolish course of conduct formerly pursued. Every one has heard, in the criticisms passed on the doings of this spendthrift or the other speculator, the remark that advice was useless, and that nothing but "bitter experience" would produce any effect: nothing, that is, but suffering the unavoidable consequences. And if further proof be needed that the penalty of the natural reaction is not only the most efficient, but that no humanly-devised penalty can replace it, we have such further proof in the notorious ill-success of our various penal systems. Out of the many methods of criminal discipline that have been proposed and legally enforced, none have answered the expectations of their advocates. Not only have artificial punishments failed to produce reformation, but they have in many cases increased the criminality. The only successful reformatory is those privately-established ones which have approximated their regime to the method of Nature—which have done little more than administer the natural consequences of criminal conduct: the natural consequences being, that by imprisonment or other restraint, the criminal shall have his liberty of action diminished as much as is needful for the safety of society; and that he shall be made to maintain himself while living under this restraint. Thus we see not only that the discipline by which the young child is so successfully taught to regulate its movements is also the discipline by which the great mass of adults are kept in order, and more or less improved; but that the discipline humanly-devised for the worst adults, fails when it diverges from this divinely-ordained discipline, and begins to succeed when it approximates to it.

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side!
In satin and lace she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife—
"One thing I would give if I could—
I would give all my wealth for the strength and
the health

Of the man who is sawing the wood."

THE PENMANSHIP OF ENGLISH STATESMEN.

We are bound to add that the present race of statesmen are, on the whole, distinguished by excellent penmanship. Lord Derby's handwriting is beautiful—equally elegant and legible. Lord Stanley's is as legible as large pica, but certainly not elegant. Lord Palmerston's is free, pleasant, and by no means obscure. The Duke of Newcastle writes an excellent hand—long, well-formed letters, and very distinct. Lord John Russell's penmanship is not unlike the Colonial Minister's, but on a smaller scale. Other instances might be cited, but it is more to the purport of the present paper to say that the East India Company, nearly all through the present century, have been remarkably fortunate in the caligraphy of their chief servant, the Governor-General, who has set an example of penmanship to the whole class of writers which ought not to have been thrown away. Lord Wellesley's handwriting is, perhaps, the best that we have ever seen. Sir George Barlow's was little inferior. Lord Minto wrote a remarkably firm, solid, legible hand. Lord Hastings and Lord Amherst were somewhat stately in their penmanship, but every letter was as clear as type. Lord William Bentinck ran his letters, and sometimes his words, a little too much into each other, but he wrote a good flowing hand that was rarely otherwise than legible. Lord Auckland's writing was peculiarly legible and distinct—the very reverse of his successor's, Lord Ellenborough's, which was pretty and lady-like, and not distinct; but he was always one of the Honorable Company's naughty boys. Lord Dalhousie wrote a beautiful hand—flowing and elegant, but very distinct; and the present Governor-General, Lord Canning, need not blush to see his handwriting placed beside that of any of his contemporaries.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

STILL MORE SIGNIFICANT WILL THESE GENERAL TRUTHS APPEAR, WHEN WE REMEMBER THAT THEY HOLD THROUGHOUT LIFE AS WELL AS THROUGHOUT INFANTINE LIFE. IT IS BY AN EXPERIMENTALLY-GAINED KNOWLEDGE OF THE NATURAL CONSEQUENCES, THAT MEN AND WOMEN ARE CHECKED WHEN THEY GO WRONG. AFTER HOME EDUCATION HAS CEASED, AND WHEN THERE ARE NO LONGER PARENTS AND TEACHERS TO FORBID THIS OR THAT KIND OF CONDUCT, THERE COMES INTO PLAY A DISCIPLINE LIKE THAT BY WHICH THE YOUNG CHILD IS TAUGHT ITS FIRST LESSONS IN SELF-GUIDANCE. IF THE YOUTH ENTERING UPON THE BUSINESS OF LIFE ISLED AWAY HIS TIME AND FULLFILLS SLOWLY OR UNSKILLFULLY THE DUTIES ENTRUSTED TO HIM, THEREBY AND-BY-FOLLOWS THE NATURAL PENALTY: HE IS DISCHARGED, AND LEFT TO SUFFER FOR AWHILE THE EVILS OF RELATIVE POVERTY. ON THE UNPUNCTUAL MAN, FAILING ALIKE IN HIS APPOINTMENTS OF BUSINESS AND PLEASURE, THERE CONTINUALLY FALL THE CONSEQUENT INCONVENIENCES, LOSSES, AND DEPRIVATIONS. THE AVERCARIOUS TRADESMAN WHO CHARGES TOO HIGH A RATE OF PROFIT, LOSES HIS CUSTOMERS, AND SO IS CHECKED IN HIS GREENNESS. DIMINISHING PRACTICE TEACHES THE INATTENTIVE DOCTOR TO BESTOW MORE TROUBLE ON HIS PATIENTS. THE TOO CREDULOUS CREDITOR AND THE OVER-SANGUINE SPECULATOR ALIKE LEARN BY THE DIFFICULTIES WHICH RASHNESS ENTAILS ON THEM, THE NECESSITY OF BEING MORE CAUTIOUS IN THEIR ENGAGEMENTS. AND SO THROUGHOUT THE LIFE OF EVERY CITIZEN. IN THE QUOTATION SO OFTEN MADE APROPOS OF THESE CASES—"THE BURNED CHILD DREADS THE FIRE"—WE SEE NOT ONLY

GRUMBLERS.

I find the gayest castles in the air that are ever piled, far better for comfort and for use, than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and cavered out by grumbling discontented people. I know those miserable fellows, and I hate them, who see a black star always riding through the light and colored clouds in the sky overhead; waves of light pass over and hide it for a moment, but the black star keeps fast in the zenith. But power dwells with cheerfulness; hope puts us in a working mood, whilst despair is no muse, and untunes the active powers. A man should make life and Nature happier to us, or he had better never been born. When the political economist reckons up the unproductive classes, he should put at the head this class of pitiers of themselves, cravers of sympathy, bewailing imaginary disasters.—An old French verse runs, in my translation:—

Some of your griefs you have cured.

And the sharpest you still have survived;

But what torments of pain you endured!

From evils that never arrived!

—EMERSON.

—A BLIND MAN IN IRELAND, WHO IS SO POOR AS HE IS SIGHTLESS, RECENTLY BURIED HIS FOURTH WIFE. HE WAS, AT LAST ACCOUNTS, COURTING A WIDOW.

—A GOOD CAUSE IS MORE INJURED BY A WEAK DEFENCE THAN BY A STRONG ATTACK.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIES.

At thirty, looked back through a vista of ten years; remembered that at twenty I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle-aged to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again, and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it is too late now." Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "A fool at forty is a fool indeed;" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom. At thirty-seven, fell in love again; rather pleased to find myself not too old for that passion; Emma only nineteen; what then? women require protectors; day settled; too late to get off; luckily jilted; Emma married George Parker one day before me; again determined never to marry; turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond street; some of these fellows make a man look ten years younger—not that that was the reason. At forty, looked back ten years: remembered at thirty thinking forty a middle

UNDER THE PORCH.

BY A. M.

She sits in the sunshine under the porch,
Under the porch where the sun is low;
And over her forehead and over her hair
The clematis-shadows come and go.

Tracery meet for a face like hers!
For faces like hers you may often see
In the rich arabesques of a bridal book,
Looking out through a golden flagree.

And have you not noticed the tints that move,
Move and burn on the white stone floor,
When the sunset comes in a ruby blaze
Through the oriel over the old church door?

Just so sweet is her silent face—
Silent ever and pale as snow—
When thoughts enrich it, and blushes glide
Over her cheek, when the sun is low.

She sits with her knitting spread over her knee
Over her kirtle and over her bairn;
And thinks, perhaps, as her fingers fly,
Of a lacy white hand and a pearly arm.

For hers are ruddy, and not so soft—
Nothing so soft as a wife's would be
Who fondled her rings and who folded her
palms,

And never did aught for herself or me.

Ah, she may long for a lady's hand—
A hand that freezes you whilst it yields;
But I knew better the day we met
In the lane that leads to the harvest fields.

What was it I whispered her under the thorn,
Under the black thorn beside the well?
None may know; but the breeze that heard,
And the throstles that sang to us, they can
tell!

And what was it she said with her eyes that
day—
Two blue eyes, and a brow above

All entwined from the peering light
Till nothing beheld them but I—and Love?

So at last through the shadows we turned away,
Turned and lingered across the farm;
And it was not a stool nor a milking pail
Whereon she rested her rosy arm.

Slowly I felt for her hand and found
All her bonny brown hand in mine,
Thrilling it through, as a cold white vase
Flushes and warms with its core of wine.

I said, "Beloved, if this was all—
All that frightened you then from me?"
Twas, oh, how silly to think and say
Working and loving could never agree!

"Has not your spirit its own sweet calm,
Calm and pure as a lady knows?
Are you not filled with a woman's heart,
Blithe in summer and braced in snows?

"Love not your eyes to gaze and dream,
Gaze and gladden at eve and morn;
Watching all over the fragrant earth,
New surprises of beauty born?

"Ah, what maunding words are these!
Words you know not, but things you feel;
And all you know not, and all you know,
Rings down in my heart to a marriage seal.

"So leave your silly brown hand in mine,
Mine, that gathered it—you know where;
Mine, that set it to seek and find
Nobler food than a farmer's fare.

"And parlet is gone to her roost, so come—
Come from the breath of the sleeping kine,
From spotlessingle and shining floor,
And chambers smelling of eglantine;

"Come down, with music between your lips—
Pastoral music, soft and slow;
And then, beloved, sit down by me
Under the porch, while the moon is low."

THE RULING PASSION.
OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.BY EDWINA BURBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

Ah, me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

—*Shakespeare.*

Who falls from all they know of bliss,
Recks little into what abyss.—*Byron.*

The Duke of Carlisle's parting glance dismayed Ada, who, turning to the nieces when all beside were gone, said half inquiringly, "You have had a successful evening, darling."

"Have I? Then I am very ungrateful, I fear, aunt; for I really think that these great parties are most wearisome things."

"Ah! you are tired!"

"Indeed I am. I do not wonder that fashionable ladies grow old so soon."

"Do you think they do?"

"Oh, yes; even to night I observed that many, very many, of your most brilliant guests wore false teeth, false hair, and some even paint! What does that mean, but that they are getting old?"

"Well—well! perhaps you are right. I cannot defend the life, or its votaries. But if the women are unsatisfactory and false, what do you think of the men?"

"I am not sure; at present, I like them even less. They are so—what shall I say?—self-satisfied, unchivalrous, unmanly."

"Not all, surely? Some of the cleverest, most renowned men of the day were here."

"Then I wish I had seen them. But the Duke of Carlisle talked so incessantly after you left the conservatory, that I could not get away until the rooms began to thin; and then, I suppose, all the celebrities were gone."

"Most likely. But the Duke himself—how did you like him?"

"Not very much; he is so absurdly complimentary, poor old gentleman!"

Mrs. Stanhope laughed—not very heartily, though.

"What amuses you, aunt?"

"Only your simplicity—the way in which you speak of the best matrimonial prize of the day. Don't you know that one-half the girls in London would have given the best thing they possess on earth to have been in your place?"

"Indeed! And why?" said Beatrice, with a puzzled glance.

"Nay, nay, Beatrice; that is too simple. You cannot be as simple as you would have me think. Why, even Adele is not insensible to the charms of strawberry leaves!"—thus alluding to the device on the ducal coronet.

"Of what—what's that? I hear a little lady, springing from a couch on which she had thrown herself; and darting across the room to Mrs. Stanhope, at whose knee she sank like a drift of down. "What are you talking about, mamma? Take me into the council!"

"No, no; it's too late for counsels now. You ought to be having your beauty sleep."

"As if I needed it! Well, really! any one would suppose I was a fright and a child. Beauty sleep, indeed! Not I. I mean to be up and doing, as well as Beatrice, though she is such a tall thing!" And bounding from her position on the floor, she placed herself beside her cousin, and raising herself to her full height, looked up to the head above her with a comic glance of awe, then shuddered, made a grimace, and retreated to her old place on the sofa, saying, wearily, "How my neck aches looking up there! But what were you all saying about the party to-night? Wasn't it a good one?"

"I think so. Don't you?"

"Yes, delicious. But Beatrice doesn't, does she? What was the matter with it, madam?—didn't you make a conquest?"

"Suppose I were to answer for her,—Yes?"

"Never!"—and she leaped up again, clapping her tiny hands gently. "Oh, that is charming! And of whom?"

"Guess."

"Oh, I can't—I can't! Tell me! Don't keep me on pins and needles!"

"No, no; you must guess."

"I never shall. But let me see; there was that tall giant of a man who frightened me so at supper—Lord Hal—Halcombe—was it he?"

"No."

"Who then? Do tell me; I know I shall never guess. Besides, I never saw her with any one except—Ah! I have it now! The Duke of Carlisle!"

Mrs. Stanhope nodded.

"Is it? Bravo! I am so glad!" Beatrice, you are an angel—a celestial being of the very highest order!"

"Why?"

"Listen to her innocence! Why? Why, for securing that prize of all prizes, and making me cousin to a Duchess."

"My dear child, how you do jump at conclusions! The Duke is old enough to be my grandfather!"

"Well, he is all the better for that—he will have plenty of sense; and he is such a dear creature, I am sure he will let you have all your own way!"

"If you think so, and have such a high opinion of him, why do you not take him yourself?"

"I—I—dear angels!—I! You take my breath away! What should I do with a great, grand man like him? I am not half wise enough—not a bit fit for a Duchess; but you—you are the very thing itself! Oh, you dear, clever, good girl!" And the mercurial little belle whirled round and round to the most original waltz tune ever heard, which she hummed until out of breath, and sunk down again like a tired bird, while Beatrice cried, laughing—"What a whiz gig you are, Addy! A stranger would think you were half-wild to-night."

"Ha! ha! ha! You read the world pretty shrewdly, Ada. If your niece is half so wise, we shall make a model pair; for I have come to the same conclusion as yourself, and have not the slightest expectation that she will fall in love with me; only, I expect that as she really is a sensible girl, she will be duly sensible of the beauty of a coronet, an old name, and the best-appointed house in town. And if she is, I shall be content to let her go he way."

"Provided that way is yours?"

"Of course. There are certain bounds which no woman must mass—*shall pass*—

and his cold eyes flashed—"who belongs to me! A word, a look, a breath on my wife's fame, and, old as I may be, she shall run it her whole life long, and the slanderer wash out the stain with his blood!" But—and observing the startled look of his companion, he recovered himself with a laugh—"this is nonsense. I have no wife yet, nor none am like to have, if things go on thus. What am I to do?"

"As I have already told you. And as a first step towards practicing my advice, dine with me to-morrow; devote yourself to some body else, and talk your best. Beatrice is a clever girl, and can appreciate it. Once relieve her from the pressure of your attentions, and she will be at leisure to see them valued by others—will then court and—"

"I see—I see! Duncan Grey, to wit,

"She grew hot as he grew cold—

Ha! ha! the wooing o'er!"

Thanks! thanks! I'll follow your advice. Adieu, then, till to-morrow!"

* * * * *

One week, and then another, passed by, the saddest and weariest poor Beatrice had ever spent; for besides the heart-sickness caused by George's continued silence, which, in spite of herself, the orphan still hoped would be broken, and his conduct explained, the Duke of Carlisle came daily to Mr. Stanhope's, and notwithstanding the restraint he put upon his manner, it was quite evident what was the attraction.

Not that Beatrice really disliked his Grace, for whatever he might be to others, to her he was scrupulously courteous and gentle, and profiting by her aunt's hints, took care never to weary her with compliments and attentions; but when tormented by Adela's badinage, her thoughts glances towards him as a husband, and contrasted him with one who, however erring, she still loved deeply, her very soul receded from the idea.

But still as, day after day, first on one pre-

text, then on another, Carlisle found his

way to the Minister's house, and little by lit-

tle, Mrs. Stanhope, by her judicious silence,

and Adela by her railing, conspired to raise

a feeling of familiarity between him and Bea-

trie, a certain feeling of respect sprung up in

the girl's mind, which, in time, under skillful

management, and if no such person as George

Conyers had been in existence, might have

ripened into something warmer.

As it was, however, the image of young bar-

rier came perpetually between the

heiress and every other man; and as an in-

evitable consequence, the Duke made no

progress in his suit.

He, at last. "There's no help for it now—I must have her!"

"Take care you are not one, and so make

the past the present tense."

"Bah! I'll take care the woman does

not live who dares wrong me, and for the

rest I must take my chance. Now, good-

bye; I must go and congratulate Gris! on

that last song."

But although his Grace thus got rid of his

mentor, he could not so easily get rid of his

words.

They haunted him, and might have pre-

served him from cruelties which will leave a

blot upon his name so long as it lives in men's

memories—and Beatrice from years of misery

and insult—had not a messenger met him as

he re-entered London, with a note from Mr.

Morton, saying that Messrs. Cathcart and

Benson, the great jewelers, to whom his

Grace was enormously indebted, had instruc-

ted their lawyer to put an execution into the

Carls House for their claim, unless it was paid

or secured within a week.

With an angry oath, the Duke tore the note to atoms, snatched it to the winds, and rode on.

"Needs must when the devil drives!" said

he, at last. "There's no help for it now—I

must have her!"

Meantime, as if the very Fates themselves

had conspired against the hapless object of

all these thoughts and scheming, and doomed

this day to be the fatal turning-point in

Beatrice's life—she, too, received a letter,

which, had it been delayed but twelve hours

longer, would have changed the whole color

of her destiny.

But it was not to be.

The existence which had dawned so bright-

ly, was fated to pass its meridian at least in

storm, the shadow of which was even now

gathering in the horizon.

It was a lovely summer day, and Beatrice,

then, while she, bewildered and excited, only conscious that, spurned, scorned, laughed at by one man, she was thus humbly sought by another, could only think that, in accepting him, she was wiping out a shame that burned into her very soul.

Still she did not speak until Carlisle again attempted to embrace her; and then, rising suddenly, she said, in haste,

"I must seek my seat now. But first, I ought to say, I must not allow you to devalue yourself, Duke. I respect, esteem, but I do not love you!"

"I am content to wait. Secure of this dear hand"—and he raised it to his lips—"I am content to wait. Only trust and believe in me now—love will follow."

At this moment, Mrs. Stanhope's foot was heard in the ante-chamber, and, springing forward, the Duke entered it, and returned in an instant after, leaving Ada, to whom he presented his niece, saying, in a tone of lover-like triumph,

"Mrs. Stanhope, allow me to make known to you my beloved future wife, the Duchess of Carlisle."

Beatrice looked up into her aunt's face—a look so sad and spiritless that ever after it haunted Ada; and when she took her in her arms, and felt the heavy throbs which made the girl's whole frame quiver, she could not help wondering if her own freedom, purchased as it was, had not been purchased too dearly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Our investigations go to show that the roaring wave and the mightiest billows of the ocean repose, not upon hard or troubled beds, but upon cushions of still water; that everywhere at the bottom of the deep sea the solid ribs of the earth are protected, as with a garment, from the abrading action of its currents; that the cradle of its restless waves is lined by a stratum of water at rest, or so nearly at rest that it can neither wear nor move the highest bit of drift that once lodges there. The uniform appearance of these microscopic shells, and the almost total absence among them of any sediment from the sea or foreign matter, suggest most forcibly the idea of perfect repose at the bottom of the sea. Some of the specimens are as pure and as free from sand as the fresh fallen snow flake is from the dust of the earth. Indeed these soundings almost prove that the sea, like the snow cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of these minute shells, and we may readily imagine that the wrecks which strew its bottom, are, in the process of age, hidden under this fleecy covering, presenting the rounded appearance which is seen over the body of the traveller who has perished in the snow storm. The ocean, especially within and near the tropics, swarms with life. The remains of myriads of moving things are conveyed by currents, and scattered and lodged in the course of time all over its bottom. This process, continued for ages, has covered the depths of the ocean as with a mantle, consisting of organisms as delicate as hoarfrost, and as light in the water as down is in the air. The tooth of running water is very sharp. See how the Niagara has cut its way through layer after layer of solid rock. But what is the Niagara, with all the fresh water courses of the world, by the side of the great currents of ocean? And what is the pressure of fresh water upon river beds in comparison with the pressure of ocean water upon the bottom of the deep sea? It is not so great by contrast as the gutters in the streets are to the cataract. Then why have not the currents of the sea worn its bottom away? Simply because they have not been permitted to get down to it.—All the Year Round.

THE DEAF COUNTESS.

A story illustrative of a union of polite courtesy, with rough and violent chivalry of temper common in the old Scottish character, is well known in the Lothian family.—

William Henry, fourth Marquis of Lothian, had for his guest at dinner an old Countess to whom he wished to show particular respect and attention. The Marquis of Lothian was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Culloden, and sullied his character very much as a soldier and a scoundrel by the cruelties which he exercised on the vanquished. After a very complimentary reception, he put on his white gloves to hand her down stairs, led her to the upper end of the table, bowed, and retired to his own place. This I am assured was the usual custom with the chief lady guest by persons who themselves remember it. After all were seated, the Marquis addressed the lady,

"Madam, may I have the honor and happiness of helping your ladyship to some fish?"

But he got no answer, for the poor woman was deaf as a post, and did not hear him; after a pause, but still in the most courteous accents—

"Madam, have I your ladyship's permission to send you some fish?"

Then a little quicker—

"Is your ladyship inclined to take fish?"

Very quick, and rather peremptory—

"Madam, do you choose fish?"

At last the thunder burst, to everybody's consternation, with a loud thump at the table and stamp on the floor—

"Con—found it! will ye have any fish?"

We are afraid the exclamation might have been even of a more pungent character.

An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a boarding house, is to ask for a third cup of tea.

In 1860, the adult women of England numbered six millions; three of these six millions labored for their subsistence, and two of these three millions were unmarried, and dependent on their own exertions for a subsistence.

THE NATURE OF WEALTH AND POVERTY.

Men rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." It is a relative word, implying its opposite "poor," as positively as the word "north" implies its opposite "south." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guineas you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbor's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends absolutely upon the need or desire he has felt for it; and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is, therefore, equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbor poor. An accumulation of real property is of little use to its owner, unless, together with it, he has commercial power over labor. Thus, suppose any person to be put in possession of a large estate of fruitful land, with rich beds of gold in its gravel, countless herds of cattle in its pastures; houses and gardens, and storehouses full of useful stores; but suppose, after all, that he could get no servants. In order that he may be able to have servants, some one in his neighborhood must be poor, and in want of his gold or his corn. Assume that no one is in want of either, and that no servants are to be had. He must, therefore, bake his own bread, make his own clothes, plough his own ground, and shepherd his own flocks. His gold will be as useful to him as any other yellow pebbles on his estate. His stores must rot, for he cannot consume them. He can eat no more than another man could eat, and wear no more than another man could wear. He must lead a life of severe and common labor to procure even ordinary comforts; he will be ultimately unable to keep either houses in repair or fields in cultivation, and forced to content himself with a poor man's speech, to leave Italy mistress of her own destiny."

"SHY" RELATIONS.

I have known City magnates with mothers in City almshouses, Members of Parliament with brothers doing duty as railway-guards, a fashionable physician with a nephew a night calman, and I was once acquainted with a very humorous circus clown who was first cousin to a Cabinet Minister. I don't say that these family failures did not deserve their lot, and I impart no blame to their more fortunate relations. Some men have an alacrity in sinking, buoy them up as you may; throw out to them the life apparatus of money, the drags of family connexion; rush in through the ice of prejudice, grasp them and pull them to the surface at the risk of your own respectability;—in a moment they have slipped from your hand, and are settling steadily towards the bottom, where, when they once arrive, they are infinitely happier among the weeds and slime than they would have been in the purer, fresher atmosphere above. This is but the old story of the impossibility of manufacturing the silken purse from the sow's ear, or of the futility of expecting any more melodious sound from a pig than a grunt; we all know it—we are all martyrs to it. Do you think Majesty enthroned is not acquainted with "shy" relatives—say chiefs of German principalities, for example—who put their Teutonic feet in it, and cause Britain's ruler to quake for the consequences of their absurdities? Do you think that the Chief of the State has never his twinges, springing from the misdeeds, the borking, the constant blister annoyances of some scorn of that ancient baronial fist of Palmerstown in Ireland? Has any man given over raised himself to power and position, with any man in hereditary power and position, without finding a hundred skids to the well greased wheels of his chariot in the shape of urgent, clamorous ne'de-wells, claiming affinity and connexion, presenting themselves at the most inopportune moment, and clamoring for those things for which exactly they were the most unfitting.—From *Temple Bar*.

RAPID GROWTH OF FISH.

Plot, in his "History of Staffordshire," tells us that that county is famous for its pike. In a large pond in this county, with which I am well acquainted, and which was well supplied with small fish from a stream which ran through it, the pike grew to a large size. This pond was let out and fished every seven years regularly, when every pike under six pounds in weight was returned into it. On one occasion I saw three pike taken out, two of which weighed 36 pounds each, and the other 35 pounds. Now, supposing that they were 6 pounds each at the beginning of the seven years, they must have increased in weight at the rate of upwards of 4 pounds each year. I sent the skin of a carp, caught at Pain's Hill, in Surrey, which weighed, when taken, 26 pounds, the largest I have heard of in this country. I also had a perch sent me, and which was caught under an archway where there was a great abundance of live bait, which weighed 6½ pounds. A trout was taken in Sir Robert Peel's park at Drayton, in a stream which runs through it, which weighed 22½ pounds. It was stuffed, and is now to be seen in the fine collection in the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. A painting of it—sent to him by the late Sir Robert Peel—is in the charming library in Richmond Park of my kind neighbor, Professor Owen. I have often thought that there is no limit to the growth of fish, as long as they have abundance of food and escape accidents. A pike was caught in the pond at Pain's Hill, in Surrey, many years ago, which weighed 48 pounds, when that piece of water had, comparatively speaking, been made recently.—*E. Jose*.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arago, at New York on the 23d, brings to the 6th, 90 passengers, the usual mails, \$416,732 in specie, and 890 tons of merchandise. The Canada brings advices to the 10th, and \$885,000 in specie.

The conduct of Lord John Russell relative to Italy had been denounced and defended in Parliament.

The London Times thinks that "the Morrill Tariff bill is an act for the establishment of protective duties on a most extravagant scale, and little short of absolute prohibition; it will almost prohibit all imports into the United States from England, France and Germany, and be far more detrimental to the interests of America than to those of Europe."

The London Observer says: "The stay of the French contingent in Syria will probably be extended to May 1st."

The Daily News says: "The guarantee fund for the International Exhibition of 1862, is being very rapidly signed. More than £150,000 have been signed. So soon as the deed of guarantee has been signed, the Bank of England will advance £250,000, and the commissioners will sign a contract, and then the work will commence."

The Times Paris correspondent says: "The accounts from the French manufacturing districts are unanimous in describing business to be as dull as possible."

There was a considerable rise in the price of flour in the Paris market last week.

The price of wheat rose again last week, not only in Paris, but in the provinces.

At Havre the demand for cotton is extremely limited, and prices irregular and feeble.

The weather was exceedingly fine, and the vine season is likely to be prosperous.

The address in answer to the Emperor's speech was adopted in the French Senate, with only three negative votes.

Prince Napoleon is about to proceed to Turin to negotiate the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome.

In the French Chambers the following amendment to the address was proposed:

"The hour has come for applying to Rome the wise system of non-intervention, and, by the immediate withdrawal of the French troops, to leave Italy mistress of her own destiny."

Appropriate name for a cold beauty—Alice.

There are plenty of dealers in morals, as in ordinary traffic, who confine themselves to the wholesale business. They leave the small necessity of their next-door neighbor to the retailers, who are poorer in statistics and general facts, but richer in the every-day charities.

Popular political demonstrations are continually taking place at Rome.

The bombardment of Civita del Tronto commenced on Thursday, February 28th. General Fergola has decreed to Cialdini that the works commenced against the citadel constitute a violation of the convention concluded between himself an Garibaldi, and that he will bombard the city should they be carried on. Cialdini replied that for every inhabitant of the city who might be killed or wounded by the bombardment, he would order an officer of the garrison of the citadel to be shot.

He has also notified General Fergola that he does not consider him a General, but a rebel against King Victor Emmanuel.

Russia.—The sittings of the Council of the Empire in reference to the question of the peasants are approaching their termination. It is said that the emancipation of the serfs will be proclaimed during Lent (old style).

The Patrie et Pays say:—"The Czar will elaborate a project of Constitution for Russia as soon as the question of the emancipation of the serfs shall be resolved."

POPULAR MANIFESTATION IN POLAND.—A dispatch from Warsaw of Friday evening, says:—The town presents a very gloomy aspect. Everybody is wearing mourning.

On Saturday a solemn funeral of those who fell in the recent disturbance took place. A committee of public safety, composed of citizens, has been formed, and has issued a proclamation requesting the maintenance of order.

Gen. Gortschakoff reminds the citizens of the justice which Russia has accorded to them for thirty years. The Prince has given tranquilizing assurances to a delegation from an agricultural association. The Chief of the Police having been wounded, has been replaced by Gen. Denonval. The municipality of Warsaw has sent an address to the Emperor.

The funeral of those killed gave rise to a great popular manifestation, at which 100,000 men were assembled.

The troops are confined to their barracks.

A petition to the Emperor is being signed, soliciting the establishment of the Polish Constitution, which has been suspended since 1831.

A PROTEST.—The address of the citizens of Warsaw to the Emperor says:—

"The late events have not been caused by one portion of the people alone, but are the deepest and most unanimous expression of the unsatisfied wants of the country, and the result of many years of suffering. The want of legal organs compels us to make sacrifices in order to obtain a hearing. In the soul of every one of us there lives a strong and unalterable national sentiment. The country will never attain its development if the principles of nationality do not meet with valid recognition."

The country appeals to the Emperor's love of justice."

A despatch from Warsaw, of March 2d, says:—The funeral ceremonies are concluded. The streets are completely filled with spectators. Everything has passed off in perfect order. Neither police nor military are to be seen anywhere. The citizens have maintained order.

The banks of Poland having refused to make specific payment on the Russian bonds, the military took possession of the amount required from the bank vaults.

All was quiet at the late riot was 53.

THE COURSE OF STORMS.—In Europe, such have been the interchanges by telegraph of the accounts of the atmospheric alterations, that a severe storm along the coast of England was predicted three days before it arrived in some of the ports, and vessels were warned not to sail out of their ports, in some instances three days before one of the most severe and fatal storms to others that did sail. At this very moment the English Admiral, Fitz Roy, is engaged in arranging and perfecting a set of signals by which, from telegraphic communications received, he may communicate to ships sailing past the coast lighthouses important information of coming storms. So well are the usual courses of these storms now known and mapped, that a very little information from one or two points, regularly received, will make it almost impossible for a vessel to reach any part of the English coast without first of all being heralded by the telegraph, its violence and rate of progress ascertained, vessels all warned from the lighthouses, and the time of the termination of the whole predicted, with the successive courses and changes of the wind. But to accomplish and perfect this, there needs daily reports of winds, rains, and storms from a thousand different stations, all along the coasts of Europe, to be transmitted and compared; and telegraph wires are being momentarily used in this work.

QLO to history strings the lyre;

Enterpe glows with lyric fire;

Thalia rules the comic muse;

Melpomene the tragic blues;

Tertipomene the coral dance;

Erato, love and elegance;

Polyhymnia teaches of the stars;

Calliope has an epic feather;

Urania loves sacred melodies;

And these are the Muses altogether.

One asked Mr. Patrick Maguire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy? Know him! He answered, why he is near relation of mine—he onst proposed to marry my sister Kate.

"No one would take you to be what you are," said an old fashioned gentleman, the other day, to a dandy who had more hair than brains.

"Why?" was immediately asked.

"Because they can't see your ears."

When you bury animosity, don't set a tombstone over its grave.

BOOKS ARE EMBALMED MINDS. Faune is a flower upon a dead man's heart.

The following spell of injured honor was perpetrated in Versailles, Cal.: "Mr. Sir—As I am considerably injured in health by you, I now demand of your satisfaction such as custom of chivalry demands. In this arrangement will be fix any friend by any arrangement you shall like it."

"Harry," said a young lady on the seat before us at the theatre, last evening, "how I should love to be an actress." "An actress, Henrietta? Why?" "Oh, it must be nice to be made love to in such pretty words every evening!"

"Were there but a single mere property to each moment of our lives, the sun would rise very high; but how is our arithmetic confounded when every minute has more merits than we can distinctly number!"

The Boston Post says:—"We have a subscriber who says he takes the Post for the exercise he has in—confounding it."

The ashes of a smoked cigar are little thought of—those of a man, scarcely more.

The way a patient snatches his first look at his doctor's face, to see whether he is doomed, whether he is reprieved, whether he is unconditionally pardoned, has really something terrible in it. The physician whose face reflects his patient's condition like a mirror, may do well enough to examine properly for a life insurance office, but does not belong to a sick room.

THE NEW YORK TIMES.—On the 10th of February, Gasparini discovered at Naples yet another asteroid, for which it is rumored, he has proposed the name of Garibaldi; but which will, perhaps, not be adopted by astronomers.

MISSOURI.—The taxable property of this State amounts to three hundred and sixty millions of dollars, of which slaves make up forty-five millions.

THERE are now twelve hundred United States recruits at Fort Columbus, New York.

THERE are

NEWS ITEMS.

EXCITEMENT AMONG STEAMBOATMEN AT NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans True Delta of Sunday, has the following:—The new law of the Confederate States requiring steamboats for "foreign" ports to take out clearances, went into effect yesterday, and created no little excitement and comment on the wharf. The most important feature of it seems to be the fee which the custom-house officials never fail to exact.

SEGUNDO LINE SUIT.—The captain of the ship *Adelaide Bell* has sued the proprietors and editors of the *New Orleans Crescent* for \$50,000 damages, on account of certain reports in regard to what was alleged to be a Black Republican flag, which was unfurled from the mast head of that vessel.

SHERMAN M. BOOTH, formerly editor of a Milwaukee paper, whose name has been before the country so much in connection with the rescue of a fugitive slave, of escape from prison, and the fugitive of numerous decisions of the State and United States Courts, has been released from prison, one of the last acts of Mr. Buchanan's administration. A short time since it was represented that he was becoming insane, but now it is stated that he is looking remarkably well.

H. S. SANFORD's letter to Thurlow Weed, in a free cotton league for the promotion of the culture of cotton in South and Central American States, has attracted the especial attention of President Montcalm, of Costa Rica, who has ordered inquiries to be made on the practicality of Mr. Sanford's ideas.

The city election at Burlington, N. J., was carried by the Democrats by 100 majority—a large gain.

TWIGGS has declined the appointment of Brigadier Generalship of the Confederate States army, on account of his feeble health.

A SPECIAL DESPATCH from Little Rock, Arkansas, states that the secession ordinance has been voted down, the nay being 31 to 35 yeas. It was afterwards resolved to submit the question of co-operation or secession to the people of Arkansas, on the first Monday in August.

THE SLAVE CODE IN NEW MEXICO.—A letter published in the Missouri Democrat, from Mr. Whitlock, who introduced a bill into the legislature of New Mexico, providing for a repeal of the slave code, says that the bill passed its second reading, although a strong effort was made to suppress it. All parties admitted in the discussion that New Mexico could never become a slave State.

The large guns purchased by South Carolina in Europe, are said to be on the Susan G. Owens which is likely to become a total wreck, having struck outside the bar.

By some recent development in the Court of Quarter Sessions at New York, a fact of interest to wine drinkers becomes exposed. A witness employed in a wine store testified that some wine sold by him was made of what was called "turnip juice." This was "made to sparkle by gas made from vitriol and marble dust, and then labeled champagne."

THE IRON WORKS of Seyfert, McManus & Co., at Iron Head, Pa., have resumed operations on full time. This being one of the largest manufacturing establishments in the State, we may certainly say that it is a cheering sign for the future.

ANOTHER extraordinary vein of oil is said to have been struck near Titusville, jets of oil having been thrown into the air as high as one hundred feet, and through a two inch pipe it was ejected with such force as to knock a nail out of the hand of a man who was holding it.

It was recently decided by the Superior Court in Massachusetts, that one person in the employ of a railroad company could not maintain an action for injuries received through the want of care of other persons also in their employ, if the other persons were proper and suitable men for the company to employ.

"FATHER BESEON," the Indian's advocate, in a recent lecture in this city, was not sparing in denunciation of the lack of zeal of the missionaries to the Indians. Out of thirteen missionaries who went to Oregon, twelve of them neglected the duties of their mission to speculate in lands.

MR. WALDO H. JOHNSON has been elected U. S. Senator from Missouri in the place of the present Senator, Green. After several days' balloting, Mr. Green's name was withdrawn. Mr. Johnson is said to be a Douglas Democrat, and Union man.

The Charleston Courier learns, from a despatch received by a mercantile house of that city, that the proper officers at the custom-house at Hove have notified merchants that ships from the seceded States of America will be admitted on the same footing as those carrying the Federal flag.

AN ordinance to submit the permanent Constitution of the Southern Confederacy to the people of Louisiana for their ratification or rejection was defeated in the State Convention.

THE Southern Confederacy's new tariff bill was not passed into a law. It will be up for action when the Congress again meets.

THE well-known case of Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, in England, has ended in a divorce.

TEXAS.—The vote from 84 counties is 34,796 for secession, 11,235 against it. Fifty counties are to be heard from, which, it is believed, will increase the secession majority.

ANY number of propositions were laid before the Cabinet to supply provisions and men for the relief of Fort Sumter—they were referred to a board of officers of the army and navy.

Not long since Naples was the scene of a dreadful murder, of which the exact cause remains undivulged. One of the most beautiful and undivulged girls in Naples, at the moment of returning from the San Carlo Theatre in the evening, was shot at the door of her own house, by a pistol ball, which passed right through her heart. The dress and face of the unhappy mother were splashed with her daughter's blood, and she found that she was holding in her arms a corpse. The girl gave one piercing cry, and expired.

THE Boston Society for Medical Improvement has published a circular calling upon physicians to report their observations on the effect of ether upon patients. It has been stated that it is more safe to use than chloroform.

MISS ELLEN SMITH, of Boston, Mass., has just recovered \$4,000 of Francis Clements, for breach of promise of marriage, after 20 years' courtship. Two hundred dollars a year, and all the pleasures of courtship thrived in!

YANKEE NOTIONS.—In the town of Concord, Mass., according to the recent census returns, there are annually manufactured 100,000 pails, and 75,000 tins, worth \$14,000; 2,000 gross of pencils, worth \$4,000; 2,000 boxes of gold leaf, worth \$14,000.

COOLIES FOR GEORGIA.—The ship Good Hope, Captain Miller, was at Port Morant, Jamaica, on the 4th inst., on her way from Calcutta, E. I., to Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of Coolies. This is said to be the first cargo of Coolies ever shipped for this country.

A POSTMISTRESS BY POPULAR VOTE.—An election was held at St. Clairsville, Ohio, a few days ago, in compliance with what has been announced to be the wish of Mr. Lincoln, to determine who should receive the appointment of Postmaster. There were three candidates—two very respectable and popular gentlemen, and a lady named Mrs. Rausay. The latter was elected by about 25 majority.

WORK has been stopped on the public buildings in South Carolina, as the State Bonds, issued for the purpose of constructing her State House, cannot be sold.

By the recent decision of the Supreme Court, confirming the title of Robert J. Walker to certain quicksilver mines in California, that gentleman has become possessed of property for which two millions of dollars was at one time offered.

THE NEW TARIFF.—The estimates of the Department make a revenue of \$63,000,000 from the new law, calculated upon the basis of the importations of 1850—an increase of \$16,000,000 upon the revenue of that year, which does not prove, however, that the new law is higher in rates than those of 1846, reduced to their equivalents in species; but the difference of productiveness arises from the fact that the regular undervaluation of the and valorem system reduced the revenue to that amount at least.

Br. proclamation of General Bragg, of the Pensacola secession forces, all vessels are prohibited from furnishing supplies to the U. S. war vessels off Pensacola or Fort Pickens, under penalty of forfeiture or capture.

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THE Southern Confederacy's new tariff bill was not passed into a law. It will be up for action when the Congress again meets.

THE well-known case of Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, in England, has ended in a divorce.

TEXAS.—The vote from 84 counties is 34,796 for secession, 11,235 against it. Fifty counties are to be heard from, which, it is believed, will increase the secession majority.

ANY number of propositions were laid before the Cabinet to supply provisions and men for the relief of Fort Sumter—they were referred to a board of officers of the army and navy.

Not long since Naples was the scene of a dreadful murder, of which the exact cause remains undivulged. One of the most beautiful and undivulged girls in Naples, at the moment of returning from the San Carlo Theatre in the evening, was shot at the door of her own house, by a pistol ball, which passed right through her heart. The dress and face of the unhappy mother were splashed with her daughter's blood, and she found that she was holding in her arms a corpse. The girl gave one piercing cry, and expired.

THE Boston Society for Medical Improvement has published a circular calling upon physicians to report their observations on the effect of ether upon patients. It has been stated that it is more safe to use than chloroform.

MISS ELLEN SMITH, of Boston, Mass., has just recovered \$4,000 of Francis Clements, for breach of promise of marriage, after 20 years' courtship. Two hundred dollars a year, and all the pleasures of courtship thrived in!

YANKEE NOTIONS.—In the town of Concord, Mass., according to the recent census returns, there are annually manufactured 100,000 pails, and 75,000 tins, worth \$14,000; 2,000 gross of pencils, worth \$4,000; 2,000 boxes of gold leaf, worth \$14,000.

COOLIES FOR GEORGIA.—The ship Good Hope, Captain Miller, was at Port Morant, Jamaica, on the 4th inst., on her way from Calcutta, E. I., to Savannah, Georgia, with a cargo of Coolies. This is said to be the first cargo of Coolies ever shipped for this country.

A POSTMISTRESS BY POPULAR VOTE.—An election was held at St. Clairsville, Ohio, a few days ago, in compliance with what has been announced to be the wish of Mr. Lincoln, to determine who should receive the appointment of Postmaster. There were three candidates—two very respectable and popular gentlemen, and a lady named Mrs. Rausay. The latter was elected by about 25 majority.

WORK has been stopped on the public buildings in South Carolina, as the State Bonds, issued for the purpose of constructing her State House, cannot be sold.

By the recent decision of the Supreme Court, confirming the title of Robert J. Walker to certain quicksilver mines in California, that gentleman has become possessed of property for which two millions of dollars was at one time offered.

THE NEW TARIFF.—The estimates of the Department make a revenue of \$63,000,000 from the new law, calculated upon the basis of the importations of 1850—an increase of \$16,000,000 upon the revenue of that year, which does not prove, however, that the new law is higher in rates than those of 1846, reduced to their equivalents in species; but the difference of productiveness arises from the fact that the regular undervaluation of the and valorem system reduced the revenue to that amount at least.

Br. proclamation of General Bragg, of the Pensacola secession forces, all vessels are prohibited from furnishing supplies to the U. S. war vessels off Pensacola or Fort Pickens, under penalty of forfeiture or capture.

THE NEW YORKER, formerly editor of a Milwaukee paper, whose name has been before the country so much in connection with the rescue of a fugitive slave, of escape from prison, and the fugitive of numerous decisions of the State and United States Courts, has been released from prison, one of the last acts of Mr. Buchanan's administration. A short time since it was represented that he was becoming insane, but now it is stated that he is looking remarkably well.

H. S. SANFORD's letter to Thurlow Weed, in a free cotton league for the promotion of the culture of cotton in South and Central American States, has attracted the especial attention of President Montcalm, of Costa Rica, who has ordered inquiries to be made on the practicality of Mr. Sanford's ideas.

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AN ordinance

Oil and Humor.

THE TAILOR AND DEAN SWIFT.

A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took it into his head that he was specially and directly inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the book of Revelation. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family was likely to famish.

His monomania was well known to Dean Swift, who benevolently watched for some convenient opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night the tailor, as he fancied, got special revelation to go and convert Dean Swift; and the next morning, took up the line of march to the deanery. The Dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible open before him, and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelation, he awaited his approach.

The door opened, and the tailor announced in an unearthly voice, the message—"Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—" "Come in, my friend," said the Dean, "I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, and strengthened greatly his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the Dean, "I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelation, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with; and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the sea and the other on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics," continued the Dean, "has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of the angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches, and as that is exactly in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor; he rushed from the house, ran to his shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation thoroughly cured of his prophetic revelations, by the wit of the Dean.

PULPIT GRAVITY.

A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl, with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with commendable effort, to make baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trump of doom, and looking towards that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in a low, deep voice:

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded, in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the entire congregation:

"I don't, sa, I spec' it is di here chile; but, indeed, sa, I has been doin' all I could to keep him from 'sturbin' you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the shortest time imaginable; and that the solemnity of that judgment-day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

Rev. Mr. S. was preaching in one of the Methodist Episcopal churches in this city, and there was in attendance a good old Methodist brother, very much given to responses. Sometimes these responses were not exactly appropriate, but they were always well meant. The preacher usually hid, was rather perplexed, and felt it himself. He labored through his first part, and then said:

"Brethren, I have now reached the conclusion of my first point!"

"Thank God!" plausibly ejaculated the old man, who sat before him profoundly interested; but the unexpected response, and the suggestive power of it, so confused the preacher, that it was with difficulty he could rally himself to a continuance of his discourse.

THE SPREADER OF A REPORT.—The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2, that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay him a visit at Christmas; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected the Bayleys in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the baileys out, whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from being taken into execution, and that it was killing his poor, dear wife; and so it went on, increasing and increasing, until it got to No. 33, where it was reported that the detective police had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor, dear wife with arsenic, and it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed, as the facts of the case were very clear against him.

A CONSUMMATION.—"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis conundrums? suppose I gib you a bottle of whisky corked shut wid a cork; how would you get the whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?"

"I gives dat up."

"Why, paah de cork in. Yah, yah!"

THE REASONS.—A curious inquirer has been able to draw up a table of the different reasons for wearing a moustache. Having questioned not fewer than 1,000 persons so adorned, their answers have helped him to the following result:

To avoid catching cold—32.
To hide their teeth—5.
To take away a prominent nose—7.
To avoid being taken as an Englishman abroad—7.
Because they are in the army—6.
Because they are rifle volunteers—23.
Because Prince Albert does it—2.
Because it is artistic—29.
Because they were singers—3.
Because they travel—17.
Because they lived on the Continent—1.
Because the wife likes it—8.
Because they have got weak lungs—5.
Because it acts as a respirator—39.
Because it is healthy—77.
Because the young ladies admire it—47.
Because it is considered "the thing"—10.
To avoid shaving—69.
Because his uncle did not—1.

A DIVORCED MAN.—Sir Charles Lyell gives the following story of a certain party seated by a reserved companion in a railway carriage, and who, by way of beginning a conversation, said:

"Are you a bachelor?"
"No, I'm not," replied the other, dryly.
"You are a married man?" continued he.
"No, I'm not."
"Then you must be a widower?"
"No, I'm not."
Here there was a short pause—but the undaunted querist returned to the charge, observing—
"If you are neither a bachelor nor a married man nor a widower, what in the world can you be?"
"If you must know," said the other, "I'm a divorced man."

A PUZZLE.—A just but a severe man built a gallows on a bridge, and asked every passenger whether he was going. If he answered truly, he passed unharmed; if falsely, he was hanged on the gallows. One day a passenger being asked the usual question, answered, "I am going to be hanged on the gallows." "Now," said the gallows-builder, "if I hang this man, he will have answered truly, and ought not to have been hanged; if I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely, and ought to have been hanged." It is not recorded what decision he came to.

THE TWO CAKES.—"Julia, here are two cakes—one for you and one for Mary; Mary don't want hers just now, and you may carry it for her till we get home."

After a while the mother observed that Miss Julia began eating upon the second cake, having already disposed of one. Of course, she thought it was time to speak.

"Julia, whose cake are you eating?"

"Mine, ma."

"And where is Mary's?"

"Why, I eat hers up first."

THE BRAIN.

One of the readiest roads to the head is through the lungs. You may reach the brain in a minute with chloroform, for example—The power of this drug is something marvelous. When under its influence, a man may have his limb cut off without any sensation whatever, and even when he recovers from the artificial trance, he may still have neither pain nor uneasiness. Why? Have you ever seen a person after a fit of epilepsy? After a fit of that kind, people have no remembrance of anything done to them during the fit. During the epileptic paroxysm, the brain is all but completely torpid. The same thing happens after the anæsthetic sleep of chloroform. In neither case can a man remember what he never felt. But mark what may happen after an operation performed on a patient under chloroform. The same man who felt no pain in the stump either during or after the operation, may continue for many successive months to be attacked with the identical local symptoms for which his limb was removed, at the hour of the day or night when he was wont to suffer martyrdom before its removal. And more than this—if seized by his old enemy during sleep, he may wake, exclaiming—"Oh, my leg, my leg! it pains me the same as when it was on!" More curious still, he may tell you he can, so far as his own feelings are concerned, actually move the fact of the amputated limb. What do these facts prove? They prove: 1. That the brain is the source of all motion and all sensation, morbid or sane; they prove, inversely, 2. That the brain is the source of rest and remission, sleep included; they further prove, 3. That the brain is the source of all paroxysmal recurrence, whether the more prominent symptoms be general or local.—*London Medical Practice.*

HORSE EATING.—In France and Germany, of late, the practice of eating horse flesh has been somewhat gaining ground. In some German towns the market price of horse-flesh is regularly quoted in the price current column of local newspapers. Custom and prejudice have something to do with one's repugnance to horse-flesh; but there also seems to be a real, sound objection, so far as plain roast and boiled horse-beef is concerned. A Frenchman, M. Bellat, has been trying to discover the extent to which prejudice is concerned, and to what extent there is a real positive objection. He says that horse-beef is black and stringy, and not easily digestible. He, however, proves horse-soup, and advises that horse-flesh for human aliment should either be converted into soup, or, what is pretty much the same thing, into concentrated meat essence. He, however, states (a very curious thing, if true,) that not even good soup or good meat essence can be made from the flesh of white horses.

It is the custom in Denmark to keep the graves covered with white sand, on which are placed wreaths and flower-pots.



HARRY VERDANT, late of the maternal mansion, but now trying to be a man, whose thoughtful mother has heretofore attended to his linen wants, goes for the first time into a store to order some shirts to be made.

YOUNG LADY (in waiting)—It's necessary that we should have the exact size, sir!

H. V.—Goodness gracious! must I swip?

DOLLAR JEWELRY.—THE GOLD THAT COPPER KETTLES ARE MADE OF.—Orlede is a new metallic alloy, extensively used in this country as a substitute for gold. Stores have sprung into existence for the sale of it, and newspapers contain flaming advertisements of a "full set of jewelry for only one dollar, being the stock of a large manufacturer, who is obliged to dispose of his stock on account of the panic." It is a French discovery, but is manufactured to a large extent in Waterbury, Connecticut. It bears a very close resemblance to gold in color, density, and fineness of grain; so close that it deceives every one but practical dealers or experts, although there is not a single particle of gold in it. The fineness of grain in this alloy gives to those objects of art composed of it a delicacy and a purity of detail that cannot be obtained from bronze. The alloy is ductile and malleable, and can be cast, rolled, drawn, stamped, chased, beaten into a powder, or leaves, or treated in any other way the artisan may desire. An immense amount of dollar jewelry is now being manufactured out of this city and sold South and West.—*New York Leader.*

GIVE ME DRINK.—McLeod, an English writer, puts the following language into the mouth of those who visit the rum-seller's den:

"There's my money—give me drink!—There's my clothing and food—give me drink! There's the clothing, food, and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There is the money I have robbed from the schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the storekeeper—give me drink!—Pour me out drink, for more will I pay for it. There's my health of body and peace of mind—there's my character as a man and my profession as a Christian—I will give up all—give me drink! More yet have I to give. There is my Heavenly inheritance, and the everlasting friendship of the redeemed—there is all hope of salvation! I give up my Saviour! I give up my God! I resign all! All that is good, great and glorious in the universe, I resign forever, that I may be well—give me drink! More yet have I to give. There is my Heavenly inheritance, and the everlasting friendship of the redeemed—there is all hope of salvation! 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